THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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Office, one door west of C. B. Wright's store, up stairs.

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☞ The highest price paid for Country Produce.

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HENRY CADWELL,
Importer, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire Stores State Street, four doors, below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
Also—Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Key Stone Mutual Life Insurance Company—Office 3 doors west of Wrights store, Erie, Pa.

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Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Looking Glasses, Piano Fortes Lamps, Britannia Ware, Jewelry, and a variety of other Fancy Articles, Keystone Buildings, four doors below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL,
Formerly the Eagle, corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

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Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c., No 6, Poor People's Row, State street, Erie.

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Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

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BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
Attorney at Law, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, Dedham-st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 141½ Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Kimball, Esq., 52 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to the office.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

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Dealer in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

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Edwin J. Kelso, W. W. Loomis.

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second and Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. Loomis. T. M. Austin.

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JOEL JOHNSON,
Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. Park Row, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 3, Bonnell Block, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD.
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary &c. &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON,
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Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

ROBERT S. HUNTER,
Dealer in Hats, Caps and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row 'Line, Pa.

LARGE lot of Bonnets, just received per Express by
June 1. J. H. FULLERTON.

Poetry and Miscellany.

A POEM:

Dedicated, with kind wishes for their Prosperity,
TO THE PATRONS OF
THE ERIE OBSERVER.
JANUARY 1, 1851.

On yester evening, at the midnight hour,
Tolled slowly out the Old Clock from the tower;
And as its notes arose and died away,
And echoed up the streets and down the Bay,
Amid the silence of that silent time,
Alternate merily peal an mournful chime,
I heard distinctly, soft, sweetly sad and clear,
The funeral anthem of the dying year.

The Old Clock ceased, its notes slow sank away,
And as it ceased, in whispers seemed to say:
"Another year is gone—gone is the last
Bright century-half, and numbered with the past."
I opened the shutters, and looking around,
Saw no living sight, heard no human sounds;
No hoofs of steeds were sounding in the street,
No clear merry laugh, nor tramping of feet;

The shops were all closed, deserted and lone,
Silence sat on night like King on his throne.
I listed awhile, there presently came
A bright-eyed Being bewild'ring my brain:
She pointed Eastward—I saw in the way
Legions of soldiers in battle array;
Saw their bright banners, heard their loud cheers,
The flashing of swords, the gleaming of spears,

The fire of their eyes, the dust in their path,
As onward they pressed, in gloom of their wrath;
And nearer they drew, I felt their hot breath,
As straightway they came, like the arrows of death.
They met a dark host of hideous form,
With eyes like serpents, and brows like the storm:
Dreadful that meeting! They came in their rage;
As storm meets tempest, the legions engage.

Bright as the lightning their fires arise,
Lurid in darkness, and dazzling the skies;
Loud as the thunder their cannon speak out,
Hoarse as the ocean the combatants shout;
Wild as the tempest they wail o'er the slain,
With mountains of dead they pile up the plain;
Each conquered by turns, and burning with fire,
Return to the charge—again they retire.

Long was the contest and doubtful the day;
They fought like de-pair, they fought for the sway,
Brother met brother in fiercest debate,
And hearts were estranged with rancor and hate,
Then patriots saw with prophetic eye,
A storm was gath'ring and dark'ning the sky:
Firmly and calmly at anchor they stood,
As messengers sent, poured oil on the flood.

Hark! Midst the tumult—our bosoms are fired—
A voice of deep lamentation is heard:
A great one has fallen, our Nation's Chief,
And hearts of the people are stricken with grief;
He who the terrors of battle had borne,
Lay down on his couch and rose up no more:
He fell like an oak with branches outspread,
Covered with honors, and years on his head

Slowly and sadly they bore him away
To his home of shade shut out from the day;
Built him a mound in the Vale of the West,
Where waters murmure, our hero shall rest.—
The storm that arose, portentous of ill,
Passed lightly over, and ocean is still;
The country is safe, we've little to fear,
Its star gleam brightly, its sunlight is clear.

In spite of traitors, like villains of old,
Judas and Arnold, God and Country sold,
Kennebeck's waters, the Union shall hold,
To Lands at sunset, the Regions of Gold.
When years now on us have circled away,
The star of this century's shed its last ray,
One hundred millions of countrymen free
Shall fill up its waste from ocean to sea.

New Year Morn, 1851. CARRIER BOY.

Causes of Idiocy.

In a recent work on the causes of idiocy, Dr. Enos Stevens, an eminent physician of Massachusetts, attributes 73 per cent. of the cases which have come under his observation, as the examining agent of the Massachusetts Commissioners, to the use of opium in childhood, and the *influence of other pernicious drugs.* He says that at the Cambridge poor-house, are three brothers, aged respectfully 23, 20 and 18, being all the mother had, and all irrecoverable idiots. Their mother was a most benevolent woman, who often went out whole days and nights to visit and assist the sick among her neighbors; leaving her own children all put to sleep by laudnum. Every day when they cried, and every day she wished to go out, she put them asleep with laudnum, until at length their whole organization assimilated to such a state of body and mind, and they have grown to the size of manhood with the avenues of their brains practically closed by drugs; so that they have merely infantile powers of mind, and strength of bodies.

A Sensible Proposal.

A "local preacher" who once said, "he didn't like parsons, because they were book-larnt," was recently conducting a *religious service*, and on opening the Bible, unfortunately stumbled upon a chapter almost full of hard, proper names. He began to read as if he were a perfect master of pronunciation. Presently he came to a long, hard name. He paused; he attacked it; he went back and tried it again; at last he tumbled right over it, and then easily said, "Let us turn dear brethren and sisters, to an easier chapter."

THE MANIAC CLOWN.

A THRILLING TALE.

BY J. H. BROWN.

The following narrative, with a recently an alteration, is true. The particulars, thrilling as they are, were taken from the mouth of the unfortunate creature during one of the lucid intervals between his bowls of madness, while confined in the mad-house of P——, England, and may be remembered as being noticed by the journals of the time; the notes were laid aside, but not forgotten, and the author has waited an opportunity to place them in this manner before the readers of this sheet.—*Literary American.*

"And here," said the keeper, as he came to No. 13, from whence came a low moaning, "here we have a strange prisoner, from whom you may gather a tale worthy of note, surpassing any you have taken, if you can but find him quiet, as he is at times; a strange story is his, and he is one of the most savage and raving prisoners we have, *at times.*"

So saying, he unlocked the door, after having looked through the grate, and we entered; crouched down upon his iron and immovable stool in the corner, with his face buried in his hands, his hair long, black and matted, his dress fantastical and strange—being but the attire, torn in different places, of a ring-mimic—was a man who moved not at our entrance; he was, like all we have seen chained by the wrists to the floor, rendering it impossible for him to move more than was required in sitting or lying upon the coarse bed beside him. Nothing escaped him except a low moaning, which, at times, he sent forth, and shaking his head, buried it still deeper in his hands. The keeper said in this manner he would pass whole days, and then he was more peaceable and less violent.

Touching him with the end of the stick, he held in his hand, he said—"Look up." Add the miserable creature turned up his haggard face to our view. "Why do you come here again," said he sadly—"to make a show of me? You tell me, and those that come to see me, that I am mad! do you not fear me? ay, strong man—do you not fear me, weak creature that I am? Yes, and so you chain my arms and hands and feet so that I cannot lift them up, but look ye, there is one thing you cannot chain—one thing you cannot manacle, and if you could, I would bear all the chains that could be heaped upon me—my MEMORY! Chain that! keep that dread form from before me—let it not haunt me night and day—let me not hear that voice that rings forever in my ear, and you may chain and load me down, and I will thank you for it." And he dropped his head and buried his face once more in his hands.

"He has not been so rational for many a day," said the keeper, "for which I am truly thankful, for he is like a lion when the fits are on him, and"—

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the mad man, rising, and flinging his hands as high as his manacles allowed—"ha! ha! ha! I am with you once again. Come, is all ready? who goes first? why do you stare so wildly at me? Come, I am merry, and shall make them laugh out to-night!—ha! ha! ha!" and his pale face was lited up with a wild demonical expression. Soon he spoke again:

"Where's Mary? not come yet? Strange—it's time, long past time, and she know well she should be here. [illegible] has happened—tell me—is she safe, is my dear child safe? Oh, God! I remember, Mary is dead—dead! ha! ha! ha!" And with loud shrieks, he dashed his hands to his forehead.

Soon he sat down again upon his low iron stool, dejectedly, and spoke not; then looking up again, he gazed around, upon the keeper and myself, who stood by the door beyond his reach.

"Come nearer to me," said he, beckoning; "come near, not you; no, not you, I fear you, for your eyes strike terror to my heart; and that, and the form of my child before me ever, are all I dread!—Come, and I will tell you of my child—my little Mary, my own pet child, I'll tell you how she died."

Not daring to trust myself within his reach, I stepped as near to him as possible, so that he could not reach me; he bent forward, placed his head upon his hand, and with a sudden tremor, and wildly glaring eye, he began:

"Once, I know not when, but I could count by days, I knew the night, could tell the bright sun and the clear moon and stars; but now, all are the same to me—days, I know none, and light lingers around me ever; well, long, long ago, ere I came to this dull, gloomy place, I was out among men; drank, ate, cried, laughed like men, aye, and that too merrily, for I was jester in the ring, made the crowd, the heartless rabble, laugh and shout, and raised a merry noise, no matter if my heart was sick or gay, but I was glad sometimes to see the long tiers, the closely packed boxes, and the stalls, each one with smiles, to hear the loud laugh and merry words, and know that I was the cause of it all—to hear the loud hurrahs, to see them wave their hats and handkerchiefs, when, with a shrill whoop, I jumped into the ring. That we'd cheer me sometimes when my heart belied the laugh upon my face, the jest to which my tongue gave utterance.

"Well, so years went on, until my wife, my own beloved Mary, died; she, whom I loved so fondly and truly, I laid to sleep in the cold, damp earth; no one could have thought that I, the jester clown, the one who then laughed, could *weep!* But, oh! how many hours I have passed beside that lonely grave! my Mary! she loved me as few women love; she had trod on the same rough road, walked *beside me in my troubles and sorrows, sharing* what I enjoyed, or suffering without a murmur; and when I knew she was dead, it seemed as if my time on earth was over, and the same grave dug for her should take me in also. But she had left me one over whom I must watch with anxiousness and love, if possible, more than heretofore—my little daughter, the image of her mother, my own little pet, Mary.

"I struggled with the deep, bitter curse of poverty—Could I have gained a livelihood by toil, incessant hardship and endurance, elsewhere, gladly would I have rushed to it, and blessed Heaven for its kindness. But no; poor, broken-down, a miserable, wretched man—no profession, no business save that one I followed. I was forced still to drag on in the arena, where my wants allowed but a very short, scanty respite upon my wife's death.

But what cared the crowd? the clown should not be sad; no, how impossible for the ring-jester to weep, it was a thing unheard-of, and would raise a louder laugh than any of my liveliest sallies. And so, with a heart overburthened, sick and faint, I was forced to laugh and make merry.

"Oh, what a pleasure and joy to me was little Mary! how her sweet artless smiles lit up the gloom within my breast—how her merry laugh made me feel young and happy for the time, and with what fondness, strange, aye, mad devotion, did I hang upon every word, every look of hers! She grew and was beautiful indeed.

"How many hours when the toil of my profession was over for the night, did I sit beside her little cot, and gaze upon her as she lay sleeping before me! Often, very often, with a smile playing upon her lovely face, telling that her dreams were sweet and pleasant, and making me even smile myself as I looked upon her, and wish that I was young, and innocent, as pure as she.

"And then what horrid, horrid thoughts came crowding in upon my feverish brain. Ah! how I would struggle and fight with them, and I would weep and moan aloud.

"For oh! I thought; yes, the thought would come, what if death should come and rob me of her—her, my Mary—all, all I loved on the wide earth—she, in whom were concentrated all my affections, the only one inducing me still to drag on my weary life; what if the cold, strong, sure arm of death, should smite her down in all her purity and loveliness? True, she would die some time, as did her mother, as I must, as must all of us, but should that moment be while I remained on earth? Oh, how I prayed to God to arrest death's dart till I was in the skies. Yes, will you believe it, the clown—mark me, the *clown prayed!* The one, who, in fanciful attire, leaped and rode, joking, and making merry in the ring—he, the one who wept beside the grave of his dear wife, prayed beside the cot of his child—he prayed for her!

"And then again, another and more dreadful vision came to me! to which the thought of death was nothing; should she, growing more beautiful and fascinating every hour—still continue the object of my entire thought, and fall to sin!—oh, God! the thought was sickening; then how I bent me down and prayed—then how I trembled for the fate of my child.

"London is no place for a young, motherless and beautiful girl; for temptation and every allurement of sin and vice existed on each turn; and should she fall? Would that ere that moment, I could see her a corpse before me.

"Well, as I'd sit and gaze and muse on all this, and my thick coming fancy passed before me, sometimes she would wake; at first she was surprised to find me there in tears, and sought to know the cause; and she would say, 'Dear father, do go to rest, for you look pale, very pale; yes, do go, father, for your own little Mary asks you;' then I'd kiss her and bid her good night, wishing her pleasant dreams, and leave her till I thought she was asleep again, and then so softly creeping back to watch till morning.

"Each, day, each moment, found me growing weaker and weaker. And, as she grew more and more fair and beautiful, the more and more I failed in strength and everything—everything but love for her—no abatement could there be in that, while the life-blood coursed thro' my veins.

"Sometimes I took her to her mother's grave where she was always sure to bring some simple flower, and I would tell her of one who lay beneath, so good, so gentle and so kind, telling her that she must try and be like her; and then she'd ask me many artless questions—if she was in heaven then, if she loved me as tenderly as did she, and when she spelled the only word upon the headstone—simply 'MARY'—she said, 'why, that is my name, too.

"My salary became inadequate to my wants—I pinched myself sadly to allow my daughter an education, and to enable her to dress prettily, and that she might not suffer for anything. So I applied for more and told them I could not live with what I had. But, alas! they answered that my request could not be complied with; they said they would retain me, paying me what I was receiving or that I might go, for although I was a favorite, I was growing weak and old, and many a younger one was waiting for the chance and station I then had.

"I demurred, but it was of no avail—I pleaded poverty, but that was no help, and was turning to leave when one of the managers spoke to me—

"'If you are poor, and wanting as you say, I can name [illegible]

"'Name it,' eagerly cried I.

"'Your daughter—she is young, and handsome—she [illegible]'

"'What do you mean by these words?' shouted I, as I stood panting before him.

"'Why not train her for the arena?'

"Horrible idea! train my little Mary for the arena!—No, no, I could not think of such a thing. I could not find it *in my* heart to *bring* that *dear one, pure as she* was—untouched—unsullied yet by sin—into the midst of the many low and vile creatures hanging around such a place. No, no; the thought was agony.

"So I toiled on, harder and harder than ever. Little did those who laughed so loudly, long and heartily, think the heart of him who caused *them so to do* was sadly beating while he sang the merry song, or danced and capered telling his curious jokes, and laughing out so loudly himself—ah, no!—At length nature could support it no longer; I grew sick and was scarcely able to go through with my performance, and the words of the manager recurred to me again—there was no alternative, and I was forced to bring her to the house.

"And that hour when she stepped therein I curse—aye, curse it from my heart!"

And here the poor maniac, after talking so rationally, and for such a length of time, covered his face with his hands, and swaying his body to and fro, utterred loud curses and cries. Upon this I feared that the remainder of his story was lost, and waited long for his paroxism to cease. By degrees his voice subsided and he commenced—

"She murmured not—she said she was glad that she could be earning something to assist me in my poverty, and she would do her best to learn and please. Poor child, poor Mary!

"Weeks, weeks—and many too, we practised—every day for hours, and she would not say she was tired—no complaint, not one—and she learned too, rapidly.

"How I watched her then!—by her all day, all night, not a moment could my eyes be from her. After hours and hours of training and toil, she was prepared for the *debut.* The day preceeding the night was sad enough to me. We went together to her mother's grave and sat an hour or two. I told her that she was soon to come before the world—that she would be surrounded by sin, misery and temptation—but ever to treasure the memory of that mother who, when living, was free from taint, and peerless as the driven snow. She was so young that she did not understand me fully, but said—sweet child—that she would go to heaven to meet her there, and if she would, she must be good to do so.

"The night arrived—portentous night—and with a sadly beating heart, I put on my customary habiliments. Mary was to appear in two performances—in the first alone, the second in conjunction with the best performer in the arena—how sweetly did she look when all attired for her first appearance. Never had she looked so beautiful, with, her little spangled frock and tights, so like a sylph, so pure, so innocent. Again and again I kissed her, and bade her fear not.

"The house, long before the advertised time for the raising of the curtain was densely packed, for the announcement of the first appearance in public of the daughter of ——— ———, had been long underlined, and been heralded forth in glowing words for several days. Yes, men came to look upon the one whom *poverty* had compelled to appear; whom want had driven from her peaceful home, and to laugh at the jests of her sad-hearted father.

"And they would not look in vain—for at rehearsal the manager, struck with her beauty and daring courage, with her skill on horseback, made me liberal offers for *her service*, which poverty, of course, made me accept. It is not often that managers applaud their hirelings.

"Tier above tier they rose—and when with a shriek and merry 'Here I am!' I jumped into the ring, deafening plaudits made all echo again.

"I know not how I acted, or what I said—but from *time to time* I heard them shout. My thoughts were upon my child; and when the moment came for her to appear, I led her by her little hand to make her bow, feelings of pride mingled with my sadness, for it was Mary, my child, for whom they shouted, unto whom they rose, to whom every eye was turned.

"Gog oh! what a moment for me! With the lightness of air she vaulted into the saddle. A crack from the master's whip, and round went the noble steed like lightning—round the arena so swiftly, it seemed to me it were not half so long. Then how they applauded! My eye followed her as she went, my heart knocked against my bosom at each beat, and when she stopped for rest I could not speak. It was well for me that they saw it not—they were waving handkerchiefs, and sending flowers from every portion of the place.

"It was a triumph. I was wild, frantic, with joy, fear and weakness! Shortly, and with grace, she smiled and waved her tiny arms and hands, as the foaming steed walked slowly around to let her breathe and give her time to rest.

"Oft again performing more difficult feats than before, but with the same ease and grace. One could not have told, to have looked on, that she had not done the same thing months and months before; so easy, no effort; so coolly, no embarrassment. It was through—I breathed again.

"But, no—she must come before them, and I lead her out again. I need not tell you how they shouted, what they did; you'll say my brain was turned with love for my dear child, and would not think I told the truth.

"And now, one more performance, and the last that night. Oh she came borne by the best *performer* in the arena, the favorite in the place. With what ease and grace he held her up on high! How smartly she looked, away up there—all tinsels and spangles, glittering so finely in the gas-lights! and he like Hercules beside her, urging the steed onward to its utmost power.

"The most intrepid riders are carried the swiftest, to enable them to sustain their balance—and he was famous for swiftness in riding; it seemed as if his steed flew—No words came from my lips, though I was in the arena all the time. I was not thinking where I was, or what I was doing—all I thought of was my child.

"High up in the air he threw her, catching her as easy as if 'twas play—and she clapping her little hands—no fear had she. How they applauded!—her triumph was complete.

"Each moment brought the performance nearer to its close, and how I wished it through! But, no—he steed fearing the whip, trained to exerting all its powers when the rider was upon its back, kept on its lightning course, and, oh, God! in one unlucky feat he missed her! I saw her fall—the horse reared, and down came his heavy hoof upon my Mary.

"I cannot tell you what followed, I saw them rise round on every side. There were cries, but I know that piercing shrieks drowned them—I saw blood, red blood, upon my dear child's face, I had sprung to her ere the horse had hardly moved, and seized her from beneath him, and all connected with the place rushed to my side.

"But, she, the beautiful—she my idol, life and hope—a moment before so full of joy, I had clasped to my heart a corpse!

"As she was dead!—dead! like her mother Mary—dead, like everything to me that should be full of life—dead, and I lived!

"I know no more—no more!" said the poor maniac, as he wiped his dry eyes, as if there had been enough to wash away. "I could have wept once but now my eyes are dry and I have no tears to shed. Men tell me that she lies beside her mother's grave, and that for many hours was so. But they brought me here to this dark place, and shut out the bright light, and will not let me listen to the song of birds, or smell the fragrance of the flowers; they chain me down, aye! load me with double manacles as these. When they have barred the doors, ah! they cannot close them to my Mary. I see her now, with the red blood streaming down her pale face—don't let me see it—away! away!"

* * * * * *

And with a tear of reality, and after obtaining the location of the two graves, I turned from him, and the massive doors were again closed and barred upon the "Maniac Clown."

Neighbor Wilkins's Hint.

A man having purchased a worn out farm, invested all his money in his real estate, tried hard by his labor to make it produce a crop. But after a laborious summer's work, he signally failed. His crops of corn, oats, buckwheat, were scarcely worth harvesting. Winter came on, and with it discouraging despondency. He asked his neighbor, in the language of scripture, "What shall I do?" His neighbor replied, in true Yankee style, answered this question by asking another. "Neighbor Wilkins, have you ever known a hired man on your farm?" "Always." "How can you get the greatest amount of labor in a season from him?" "In the first place give him a plentiful supply of food, for a full stomach, for a laborer is a jewel; then begin the day early, and keep steady at it." "You have answered truly; manage your farm as you do your hired man. Feed it with nourishment for vegetation; then it full and keep it fed.—Clear out the barnyard, bring up the muck from the swamps; sow on all the lime you can get; cart sand from the drainage of the streets. When you begin upon a field, feed it; feed it full and keep it fed. Then go to the next lot, and feed it in the same style. Such fields recollect the kindness of the owner, and they pay him for it more than fifty fold. Then plough and dig and the reward is sure." Neighbor Wilkins opened his eyes in astonishment at his own ignorance, and said, "I see! I see! A feeble starved man cannot work much. A poor starved field cannot bear much." Common sense might have taught him, but it had not. Thousands like him. "Scratch gravel" for naught all their days. Neighbor Wilkins saw where he missed it. The next year he planted four acres of corn, after he had coated the field with all the fertilizing material he could gather during one short winter. He told me that "he had scraped all creation." November told a true story. Two hundred and sixty bushels of corn made him laugh. His wife made puddings without grumbling, and his children ate with pleasure. Thus, friend Wilkins went from field to field, and fed it as he went. In its turn it fed him, his family, his cattle. His barren farm became productive; his naked fields became clothed with herbage. He became rich. His farm was rich. Peace dwelt in his household, plenty filled his granaries, and fortune smiled upon him. Are you an unfortunate farmer, cursed with poor land and stinted crops? Look at Mr. Wilkins, and in the language of the Bible, "Go thou and do likewise."

A Litgral Servant.

"Please, marm, and what shall I do with the bits of candles?"

"Take them down stairs and burn them in the kitchen, Bridget."

Off she started. At night Bridget called the lady and asked her for a candle for the kitchen.

"A candle—why, what have you done with those pieces you had this morning?"

"Faith, marm, I put them in the fire and burned them in the kitchen, as ye towld me this mornin'!"

☞ A mother asked a clergyman when she should begin to educate her child, and she told him it was then four years old. "Madam," his reply was, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile over an infant's face, your opportunity begins."

Go'long.

A stuttering Vermonter was asked the way to Waterbury. With great politeness he strove to say it was right ahead, but in vain. The more he tried, he couldn't.—At last, red in the face, and furious with unavailing exertion he burst forth with—"Gug, gug, go'long! darn ye! you'll gig, gig, git there before I can tell ye!"

Which is the Weaker Sex.

Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments and encase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women, in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are *perfectly comfortable!* When men wear water proof boots over woolen hose and encase the whole in India rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold.—When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh facing the north-wester, and pretend not to suffer at all!

They can sit, too, by men who stink of rum and tobacco smoke enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses!

Year after year they they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron.

And then is not woman's mental strength greater than man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel; for had she not been stronger than man, the race would long since have been extinct. Here is a state of endurance a man cannot bear.

Man labors ten or twelve hours per day, and then his work is done; both body and mind can rest, but woman's work is never done—she is never idle. From early dawn her hands are not idle; at noon she is not idle, and at night her task is not accomplished. When all else has been accomplished, sewing or knitting fills up her spare moments till the hour of retirement arrives, and even then when her lord and master is snoozing it, as unconscious as a sleeping calm, she must take care of the child and perhaps be aroused from fitful slumbers ten times each night.

If woman was not the stronger vessel she could not live three years after marriage.—*Pleasure Boat.*

On Smoking.

Of the three modes of using tobacco, *smoking* is that which seems to have insinuated itself most extensively among the youth of our community. Tobacco, employed in this way, being drawn in with the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influences into every part of the lungs. There the obnious fluid is entangled in the minute spongy air cells, and has time to exert its pernicious influence on the blood, not in vivifying, but in vitiating it. The blood imbibes the stimulant narcotic principle, and circulates it throughout the whole system. It produces in consequence a, febrile action in those of a delicate habit. Where there is any tendency to phthisic and tubercular deposit in the lungs, debility of these organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in this way, must favor the deposit of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the powers of the stomach. As to the pleasure produced by it, it is, I believe, a well known fact, that a person smoking in the dark is often unable to determine whether his cigar is lighted or not.—*Dr. J. C. Warren.*

"God, Love, and Poetry."

God, Love and Poetry is the inscription which Lamartine wishes his friends to put on his tomb, if he shall ever merit a tomp. "God, Love and Poetry" are worthy the contemplation of every christian. If we would expand and strengthen our intellectual faculties, we should think often, think much of the Infinite, Omnipotent, Omnipresent Jehovah, the Creator and preserver of the boundless Universe, and the harmony prevading all things. If we would be useful, we should love God—love the church—love our fellow-men, and attend to all the gentle duties which love dictates. We should study the true poetry of nature, as presented in the delicate flowers of the garden, and in the variegated tints in the rainbow, in the crystal dew drop, and in the majestic cataract, in the cloud-cap mountains of earth, and in the brilliant constellations of heaven. We should learn that happiness consists in doing good, in ministering relief to the distressed, in visiting the afflicted, in raising up the bowed down. The flower pressed to the earth by adverse winds, repays in fragrance the hand that lifts it up, and will man be ungrateful?—*Camden Democrat.*

Remedy for Short Sight.

Dr. Turnbull has discovered a remedy for short sight, which he has communicated to the medical publications. The learned doctor thus describes the process:—"In the first instance I applied the extract of ginger, which was rubbed for five or ten minutes over the whole forehead, with the view of acting upon the branches of the fifth pair of nerves. Afterwards I substituted a concentrated tincture of ginger, of the strength of one part of ginger to two parts of spirit of wine, decolourised by animal charcoal. The success of this operation was remarkable. In many cases it had the effects of doubling the length of vision. In some persons I found the iris was not much dilated, but very torpid. In these cases I applied the concentrated tincture of pepper made of the same strength and in the same manner as the tincture of ginger. This I used until I observed that the iris had obtained a great power of contraction and dilation, after which I had again recourse to the tincture of ginger. This plan of treatment has been attended with the most signal success; and persons who were extremely short-sighted have very soon been enabled to permanently lay aside their concave glasses."

Hoosier Argument.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Hoosier lawyer, "if I ar satisfied of your integrity and sense of justice, and so ar my client; and I respect your honesty so much that, if I war as rich as John Jacob Asturis, I would not offer you a bribe on no consideration. I scorns to influence you in any manner; but I beg to observe in the most respectful manner, without any intention of woundin' your feelings which ar no doubt as tender as a barked shin, that if you give your verdict in favor of my client, it ar my settled intention to take you to the doggery for a drink twice round, (the judge and constables included,) but if you tar deaf to the voice of law and honor, just as soon as the court have adjourned, we mean to lick you like thunder."

☞ The Boston Post tells an anecdote of Parson Mitton, a great wag, in or out of the pulpit, who was invited to a chowder party. When he got there, the smoking viands seemed to excite the company, who looked a little blank at the *parson* as they feared he would make too long a prayer. He conversed in a low, loud tone, and that irritated them. When the time came for work, Mr. M. took his place very slowly, and said in a decorous but hasty way:

"O, Lord, bless the repast set before us, for Christ's sake, amen——Deacon Dole, hand me that spoon!"

From New York to Egypt in Nineteen Days.—The New York *Journal of Commerce* states that a letter from William Winthrop, Esq., United States Consul at Malta, furnishes an instance of wonderful facility with which communication can be transmitted from one part of the world to another in these latter days. A message from New York designed for a correspondent in Egypt, was received in London by the Atlantic steamers, and forthwith despatched by telegraph to Trieste, and thence by steam to Alexandria, the entire distance from New York having been traversed in nineteen days.

Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1851.

☞Sleighing continues excellent in this region, and as it is, the first, who have had for a number of years, it is being improved right merrily.

☞The Pittsburgh *Post* gives notice that it will be compelled to curtail its *daily* exchange with the weekly press of the country. We hope we are not among the doomed, but if we are, really, as we can't very well do without its daily visits, we must needs send the difference in exchange. So send us the *Post*, and "we'll make it right in the spring."

An End of that Hobby.

A colored man, named Gibson, was arrested last week in Philadelphia, on the claim of an agent from Maryland, and on, what was deemed sufficient proof of identity, delivered up. On Monday last, says the *Pennsylvanian*, he was returned, it having been ascertained, after he reached Maryland, that he was not the slave; Mr. Knight, his supposed master, having promptly stated he was not his slave. This circumstance proves clearly that all the clamor raised against slaveholders by the enemies of the new law, is utterly unfounded; and that even *without a trial*, the person who is not a fugitive is sure to be returned to freedom by the claimant. No southern man, who retained as his slave a person whom he could not prove to be such, could bear up against the contempt of his friends and the community. But if we are to believe what the abolitionists say, such a thing is impossible. Every colored man sent to his presumed master, is declared by them, to be a slave for life, whether he is a fugitive or not.

Paine's Water Gas Still Shines.

Notwithstanding the ridicule the press has thrown upon the pretended discovery of Paine, he still appears to be making converts. All the Editors in Worcester have become firm believers, and now we see that Wright, of the Boston *Chronotype*, has been favored with a peep at the mysterious apparatus, and is fully impressed with the genuinness and magnitude of the discovery. He says the mysterious helices have been submitted to him and, although he is not at liberty to explain them, he is fully satisfied of their ability, with the other apparatus, to accomplish all that Mr. Paine claims for them and even more. He could now, he says, construct the apparatus himself without any doubt of its results. He says that the discovery will not only make gas out of water, at the most trifling expense, but it will produce perpetual motion "beyond the most sanguine dreams of its craziest pursuer." He says that the results are perfectly overwhelming, and of course there is to be a complete revolution in everything relating to light, heat and motive power. This is about the twentieth time this matter has been thus trumpted, and it is high time that it should be practically tried, on a scale so grand as to satisfy all as to its results.

A New Rail Road Project.

We find in the Buffalo *Courier* a notice of a *new Rail-road project*, to connect Erie with New York, Philadelphia and Harrisburg, which impresses us more forcibly than ever with the propriety, not to say absolute necessity, of Pennsylvania's controlling the width of gauge *at this point* of the various railroads seeking to reach the west through this corner of the State. The *Courier* states that "a meeting was held last week in Vienna, New Jersey, in relation to continuing the Morris and Essex, (N. J.) railroad from its present terminus to the banks of the Delaware. There were in attendance a number of large capitalists, interested in the Morris and Essex road, who manifested a determination to press the work to speedy completion. At the meeting, was also exhibited a manuscript map, on a large scale, showing the practicability of a much shorter and —— route to New York from the west, than any other line present or prospective. More than two-thirds of the line has been actually surveyed, and the connecting link, projected, lies along the course of a stream, and so conforms to the topography of the country as to leave little doubt of its entire practicability.

It is proposed to leave the line of "Lake Shore" roads now constructing along the south side of the lake at Erie, and pursue the surveyed line of the Erie and Sunbury road to the waters of the Susquehanna above Lock Haven; thence along the valley of that river to Pittstown or Wilkesbarre, and thus reach New York by the roads about to be constructed through the Water Gap; thus bringing New York city within 400 miles of Lake Erie, and shortening the great line from the Mississippi more than 100 miles. This line would present the unusual feature of a continuous railway 1100 miles long, without any ferry or steamboat communication. This is believed to be without a parallel on any direct line in the country, and is composed in more than three-fourths of its length of a succession of roads now, or about to be constructed. As a through route from the west to New York, this route has great advantages. From Erie, for instance, which is hereafter to be an important point for southern and western travel the distance to New York is as follows:—

Via Buffalo and Albany, 563 miles,
Via New York and Erie Railroad, 510 miles.
Via Erie and Water Gap Road, 403 miles.

But, in addition to this, the route so runs that short branches would connect it with Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, and thus materially add to its revenues."

Here is the outline of an enterprise in which our state is deeply interested. That it is feasible, there is no doubt. That it will be engaged in and carried through, if it shall be found upon reconnoisance that it will shorten the distance from New York and Philadelphia to the great west as much, or anywhere near the figures given, there can also be no reasonable doubt. But that this improvement may, when completed, enter the field of competition for the business of the lake region and the west upon equal footing with the New York and Erie, and the Buffalo and Albany roads, it is necessary that the counties interested should see that the appropriate legislation is obtained fixing the gauge of the roads east and west of this point. This would probably be unnecessary, but the Legislature of Ohio has passed an act authorising the road from Cleveland to the State Line *"to alter their guage so as to conform to the gauge of the N. Y. and Erie, or any other road with which they may connect in Pennsylvania."* Should the legislation we allude to, not be obtained, it is evident that when the proposed road reaches this point it will find one or both of the New York roads with their respective width of tracks stretching one hundred miles further to the west, thus enabling them to monopolize the entire business.—As our legislature is about to assemble we have thrown these hints out that those interested may take warning, and act accordingly.

Canal Commissioner.

From present indications it is not probable the Democratic Convention will be in want of material from which to choose a candidate for Canal Commissioner. The "Richmonds in the field" are becoming numerous. In addition to the name of Mr. Searight, of Fayette, which we have heretofore mentioned, we see that the friends of David Boies, Esq., of Beaver, Hon. Wm. Beatty, of Butler, C. R. Bell, Esq., of Mercer, have brought each of their names before the people. Where there are so many good men it is hard to choose: though there is one advantage, and that is, if either of them are nominated, and one of the four will be, we are confident, we will be sure of a capable and faithful officer.

☞John B. Guthrie, Esq., has been nominated by the Democracy of Pittsburgh for Mayor. We hope he will be elected, and that Federal city once more have the benefit of a capable chief magistrate.

☞The Detroit Free Press states that so far as it knows, there is not a democrat in Michigan who is not anxious for the return of Gen. Cass to the Senate, and that he will be elected by a unanimous vote of the Democrats immediately after the organization of the Legislature.

Newspaper Postage Once More.

We trust our readers will not weary if we once more devote a short space to the discussion of this, to us, and we believe to them, all important question. The remarks of Judge Thompson upon newspaper postage, which we copy into our paper to-day, are sound and able, and we exceedingly regret that, while we thus bear testimony to the fidelity of our Representative in this particular, we are compelled to differ with him somewhat as to the details of the reform he proposes. His proposition is, in substance, "that newspapers may be circulated free of postage within the counties in which they are printed; out of the county, but within the State, at one half cent postage—equaling twenty-six cents per year for a weekly paper; when printed out of the State, one cent, and transient newspapers two cents each."

We assume first, that in a republican government Political Organization is a necessity; and secondly, that this necessity can in no way be effectually carried out without the aid of a Local Press; and it is, or ought to be the wish of every friend of the purity and patriotism of such an organization that this instrument, so necessary, should also be pure, independent and high-toned. We cannot arrive at this desideratum, however, unless the business of publishing in the country is better paid, thus inviting capital, talent and political and moral integrity to engage in it. You never see a corrupt and venal county paper unless it is the mouth-piece of some demagogue who, standing behind its nominal conductor, pulls its strings and makes it speak or not as he pleases. Make the business of the country publisher more profitable, and you as effectually shut the mouths of such demagogues and their instruments, as though their type and press were taken from them. When men of talent see that they can obtain a fair remuneratin for their toil in the office of a country paper they will seek it, and when they do so, your mere political lackey and his master will be driven from the field. Country papers can only be made profitable, and talent and capital drawn into them, by a proper and just system of newspaper postage. That the present system is not of that character, no one will pretend to say. It is so manifestly unjust—its favoritism to the city press so notorious—that it has few defenders, even among those it favors. That the proposition of Judge Thompson is much better we freely admit, but that it is the system the country press needs, has reason to expect, or is in justice entitled to, we as firmly deny. It proposes first, to give newspapers a free circulation through the mails in the counties in which they are published. We have heretofore given our opinion, and the reasons for it, that this is not just what the Country Press requires, and it is not necessary to enlarge further upon the views then expressed. Having discriminated thus in favor of the country press, our Representative, in the goodness of his heart, turns round and proposes to discriminate also in favor of the press of the States, and against those of others. To this end he proposes that a paper any where within the State shall pay a postage of half a cent, but if it travels two rods or two feet into another state, it shall pay one cent. Setting aside the manifest injustice of such a discrimination in a law for the regulation of the postoffice department of the *entire* Union, we view this proposition as eminently calculated,—unintentionally we know,—to almost entirely deprive the Country Press of the benefit they might otherwise derive from the first. It is not competition from other States that the Local Press of a State encounters. No, the Local Press of Pennsylvania is sucked of its life-blood by the Model Couriers, Saturday Posts, Scott's Weeklies, and kindred blanket publications of Philadelphia. In New York the *Tribune* is the *upas tree* which poisons the fountain from which its local press derives sustenance. In our neighboring county of Chautauque, that paper has a *larger* circulation than any one of its Local Papers, and we know some of them have over a thousand subscribers. And this, too, with the postage at one cent: reduce it one half and it is reasonable to suppose this circulation will be greatly increased, to the manifest detriment of the country publishers, notwithstanding this privilege of free circulation within the county. The same, as we have before remarked, may be said of Pennsylvania, and we presume of all other States. These trashy weeklies now obtain a more extensive perusal at the domestic hearth-stones in our country than is at all healthful, but reduce their postage one half, and you unloose the flood-gates completely. The Country Press does not ask "protection" from this class of papers, or any other class. It only asks justice!—in more plain phraseology, we are willing to enter the arena, but we say to Congress, we want "fair play, and no gouging." We don't want the Government to bring a bundle of papers, each one containing 1900 square inches, from Philadelphia to Erie, a distance of 400 miles, for one half cent a piece, and charge the *Observer*, which contains only about 1000 square inches, double that amount because, in traveling twenty miles, it crosses a state line! Neither do we want these same papers to ride 400 miles in Uncle Sam's mail for the same price that ours does twenty. That would not be justice, nor even honest! No, if a man chooses to print a paper as big as a blanket, let the subscriber pay for the transportation of his blanket. If it is carried twenty miles, charge him freight for that distance, but if it rides four hundred, why should he not pay for four hundred? We can see no earthly reason, and still adhere to the views expressed in the article we copied from the *Tribune* a few weeks since, and the comments thereon.

Our Representative utters nothing but what every reflecting mind must have observed, when he says "the newspapers of our country are its schoolmasters." They are more—they are her political and moral teachers.—That "the pen is mightier than the sword," is an assertion not more poetical than it is true. What engine is first employed in religious, moral, or philanthropic reforms? The Local Press. What in new enterprises of internal improvements? The Local Press, again, of the district through which the railroad, canal or plank road is located. We may be accounted an enthusiast, but we boldly assert that the Local Press of the country has contributed more than its capitalists toward the construction of our various works of internal improvement. Without it capitalists could never have made the first move, public opinion could never have been concentrated, or attention drawn to these enterprises. What has the city Press done towards the plank roads, turnpikes, and other facilities afforded for the transportation of the mails in the interior? Nothing!—not a word or sign!—not a farthing of time or money! Then how ridiculous, selfish—nay, dishonest, is it for such a man as Mr. Chandler, once an Editor, now a member from Philadelphia, to say, as he did the other day in the House, upon this question, that no favors ought to be shown to the country press, not enjoyed by the city press. How much above such selfish narrow mindedness does the sentiments Judge Thompson expresses appear. We commend the Judges remarks upon this point to the attention of all.

☞The *Genesee Farmer* is one of the *best*, if not the very best, Agricultural papers in the country, and although we never expect to be able to own or till a farm, its monthly visits are as acceptable, and its columns are perused with as much interest as any of our political and literary exchanges. The first number of the new volume is now before us. It is got up in the best style, on handsome and clear type and superior paper. The volume will be appropriately illustrated—containing numerous and expensive Engravings of farm buildings, improved implements, domestic animals, choice fruits, flowers, shrubs, &c. Each number will contain twenty-four royal octavo pages, making a large and handsome volume of about 300 pages, (with title page, index, &c., suitable for binding,) at the close of the year. All for 50 cts. per single copy; five $2, eight for $3, and any larger number at the same rate.

Wattsburg Plank Road.

In another column will be found an article from the Warren *Ledger* on the importance of extending the Wattsburg road through to that village. It is a good indication, which, together with the state of feeling we are told exists along the proposed route, satisfies us that the road will be built, and that too, at no distant day. The contractors of that part between this city and Wattsburgh have sub-let about fifteen miles already, and inform us that ten miles will be finished for use by the first of July next. Push on the work.

A Daniel Come to Judgment.

The Reading *Press* is down upon all the Democratic presses of the State that have favored Mr. Secretary Walker's proposition of 1847 to raise the duty on iron. It says it has been "watching" with great "solicitude the bargain and sale which has been going on for some time past between certain Democratic papers and the whigs, by which a cardinal principal of the Democratic party is to be surrendered to the enemy." It is surprised that the *Pennsylvanian* and Pittsburgh *Post* is found in such company, but "at the *other* papers it is not surprised at the avidity with which they yield, because they have just emerged from the Federal ranks, and still encourage their ancient predelections to injure and destroy Democratic principles." Of course, as the *Observer* is one of these "other" papers which have not "surprised" this Daniel of the *Press*, we have a right to say a word in the premises. In the first place we apprehend the Erie *Observer* has been, and is, just about as consistent on this question as the *Press*. We have some faint recollection, too, that we were *one* of the *three* papers in the State that "faced the music" when the bill of '46 became a law.—We stood by the bill and the Administration. We defended them weekly from the assaults of the whigs and the "protectionists" of every grade and stamp. What did the *Press* do? Where was its voice then? If we recollect correctly, it was as dumb as an oyster; but now, when the battle has been fought and the victory won, it has become very brave all at once, and is disposed to throw down the glove to friend and foe. The *Press*, fling at "other papers" having "just emerged from the federal ranks," comes with a very ill-grace, indeed, from one who helped Gov. Johnston, and his fuglemen in the Senate and House, to force through under the gag the infamous Judiciary bill of 1849, whereby many thousand dollars were added to the burthens of the people in order that the said Governor might have a chance to reward several of his partizans.

A Crazy Governor.

Hon. John H. Means, who was recently elected Governor of the great State of South Carolina, is the craziest specimen of a Governor we have come across lately.—He is almost equal to Pittsburgh's crazy Mayor. Hear him in his inaugural address: "I owe no allegiance to any power upon earth," exclaims this candidate for an asylum, "except that which I owe through South Carolina—when she speaks, her voice must be obeyed. All that I have and all that I am, I here devote to her service. And if, for feeling a deep indignation at her wrongs, and a burning desire to redress them, I am to be branded by the minions of power as a traitor, then be it so; I desire no more brilliant fame while living, no more glorious epitaph when dead." O, Mr. John H. Means, you can't make an Emmet of yourself, if you borrow his ideas every day in the year. But Mr. Means waxes as warm as a South Carolina sun can make him. Again he exclaims, "Our liberties, our property, our characters, are to be submitted to the tender mercies of a majority, whose every thought, feeling and emotion, is concentrated in one burning focus of hatred against us and our institutions." O, shocking! everybody "hates" "us," that is, John H. Means and the universal state of South Carolina! It's not so—not a bit of it, Mr. Means; they may laugh at your fantastic tricks, but as for "hating" you, you never was so mistaken in your life. But, our Governor says he and his State are not going to live in the Union any longer. Hear him: "To this Union with tyrants and plunderers we owe no allegiance; for if we have no love, under it we will not live, unless we are recreant to all we have hitherto held dear or sacred, to our honor, our interest, the bright example of a gallant ancestry, ay, to the bright and glorious destiny which awaits us." You won't live under the Union! Well, we have no objection to your stepping out just as quick as you please, but really, as we are a little obtuse, suppose you tell us how you are going to do it! That is what we wan't to know, and we are in earnest to, for when you "take up your bed and walk," we have a few fanatics here at the north, just like you, that we wish to "send by the same boat." But seriously, this South Carolina ebullition of "wrath and cabbage," reminds us, in its supreme selfishness, of the prayer of the old pharisee, when he exclaimed, "Lord bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four, and no more, Amen."

Reduction of Tolls on the State Works.

The Board of Canal Commissioners have at last taken a step towards making our public improvements more profitable. They have made essential reduction in the rates of toll charged upon goods. This reduction amounts to about 25 per cent. off the former tolls on "thorough freights," that is, from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia. The old mill rates are preserved, both on the railroads and canal, for all intermediate points, with the exception of that from Columbia, where the Susquehanna and Rightsville Railroads from Baltimore connect with the Pennsylvania State works, the reduced maximum toll is allowed to operate through to Pittsburgh.—Goods sent by the Tide Water Canal for Pittsburgh will also, of course, go through at the maximum rate at Columbia. Emigrant passengers are charged $1,50 from Philadelphia through, and $1,25 from Columbia.

☞Our Senator and Representatives left home on Thursday morning, en route for Harrisburgh. The Governor's message will probably be received in time for our next.

☞A new Post Office named *Jenny Lind* has been established in Chatham county, N. C., and another by the name of *Lind* in Winnebago county, Wisconsin.—There is toadyism for you!

☞The "Morning *Transcript*" is the title of a very spirited penny daily, a few numbers of which we have received from Pittsburgh. It is whig in politics, but a sprighly readable sheet. J. M. G. Youngson, Editor and proprietor.

☞Congress has been spending Christmas and New Year. When the fog clears up the members will go to work, in the mean time let their constituents "watch and pray."

The Wonders of Silver-Gray Oats.

Silver-Gray provender is working wonders with the *Gazette* and its Editor. A month or two ago it advised "fugitives from labor" not to emigrate to Canada, but to "face the music," and argued that the Fugitive Slave Law could never be carried into force in Pennsylvania—like the small-bill law its very stringency would render it inoperative, a dead letter upon the statute-book. A few weeks later it told us this law "shocked the moral sense"—was "a mere license for kidnapping under the protection, and at the expense of the federal government,"—that it was for the sole benefit of those "abhored by God and man," and that President Fillmore would cheerfully lend his aid to repeal it; together with much more of the same sort, all which bore the distinctive marks of its "wooly-headed" paternity. But, as we said before, Silver-Gray provender worked wonders, and a few weeks later the *Gazette* "rejoiced with exceeding great joy" that Mr. M'Clernand, "a rank lo-co-fo-co," gave Mr. Giddings an effectual chastisement for attempting to renew agitation by seeking the repeal of this "law that shocks the moral sense"—which is "a mere license for kidnapping, under the protection and at the expense of the federal government." We, as in duty bound, noticed all these windings—spoke of them as they occurred, and commented upon them as they deserved. We know it was saucy, but as it's a way we've got of noticing the "kinks" such politicians have in their political hair, why we really could'nt help it. The *Gazette* don't like this, evidently; for in an article of its usual tone, it flares up, and says: "The *Observer* will oblige us by making its charges tangible and specific; if it cannot, let it hold its peace as becometh a candid, honorable and honest public journal." We call that cool—very. It reminds us much of the reply of a countryman of the Gazette editor's to the charge of killing a dog. "Yaw, I dit kik der t——n tog," said the honest dutchlander, "pot shust let him prove 'em."

SHARP PEN AND SCISSOR SPLINTERS.

"A thing of Shreds and Patches."

☞*Bare-faced*—The new fashioned bonnets.

☞New Year day comes but once a year, but there are 364 other days equally as good; so behave yourselves, keep your noses clean, and don't borrow your neighbor's *Observer*.

☞The Editor of the *Gazette* has got a new wig. It is quite a *hed*-itorial improvement, making our bachelor friend look almost as young as we do.

☞The man that sends his wife out to saw wood while he rocks the cradle, has just invented a patent to enable people to sleep without the labor of sucaring. His fortune is made.

☞The Editor of the Coshocton *Democrat* will please not "speak out in meeting," cos our "exs" are sometimes red at home. A ladies curiosity is *awful*, Ansel: so, h-u-s-h! no more about *that* "night" as "thou lovest me."

☞Aunt Hannah thinks a man is a "natral born fool to get his life insured:" because, adds the deaf old lady, "he'll die just as sure as preachin', and never get a cent," and with this safe conclusion she smoothed down her apron and took a rousing pinch of snuff.

☞We have only heard of the death of three editors, by starvation, this winter; there are some more in a fair way to drop off, however.

☞The papers are extolling a new cure recently discovered, for Scarlet Fever—by rubbing the person with bacon fat—a humbug which we think must have originated in Cincinnati. Our Irishman calls it "the gospel remedy, for they are saved by grase."

☞Honest industry is always rewarded. No young man need complain of being kept poor, if he lives properly, rolls up his sleeves and goes cheerfully to work. Idleness never got rich.

☞In Florida alligators are now extensively killed for their oil and hides—the rough skin on their belly is tanned and used for saddles. An inexhaustible supply is annually produced.

☞Rosey-red noses were quite fashionable on Tuesday morning last. It was decidedly the coldest morning of the season.

☞In Washington city, folks have become so extreme fashionable and formal, that every body, from the Chief Magistrate down to the boot-black, has "a day" for receiving visitors. The republican days of old Ben Franklin have passed away.

☞It is said the man that "threw dat frozen cat" has been discovered—he is cousin to the man that "kissed Susan," and nephew to "Billy Patterson."

☞We have lately discovered a sovereign remedy for love. It beats the water cure all to smash—knocks the little powders to the devil; and beats bleeding and physicking about as far as the telegraph beats the locomotive. We call our cure "Cooling Exercise:" that is throwing somersetts in the snow with nothing on but your "muslin drapery." The subject is recommended to the ladies.

☞No lady will be admitted to the next woman's rights convention, who does not "shave and sing bass." The officers are expected to wear mustaches.

☞An enraptured "lovyer" sends the following "sonnette tu" his "Swetehars Etebrow" to the New Orleans *Delta*. It will "pass."

Mister deltar—as me gal sal scys al the bovws rites poetery for the neuspeapers, plese to Put thes bironeck in big tipes so me congelo can Spel it wel & redelly

A Sonnette tu mi Swetehartz Etebrow.

sum gals cheaks are reddis lik the Rose
but I go in stronge for thats above the nose
2 sticked arch'a of the darkest hu
sumthe Celevy abov hur ures of blu
o'Cud I stele I atum of that eyebrow Brite
Gelosi'at I thinks Dr. shal I with Delate. ARON.

☞An exchange paper remarks that in these days—"A good man's earnings, brought home day by day, are carried out of the house on the backs of his daughters."—Wonder if that's true?

☞A circus is now on exhibition in Memphis, which has a standing advertisement, that clergymen and their families will be admitted gratis.

☞Weak doses of wash-boards are now recommended by physicians for ladies who complain of dyspepsia.

☞Happy is the man who can brush his own boots, shave himself in cold water, and is never troubled with the toothache.

☞A street fight took place at Wilmington on last Friday, between Sinclair McCaulley and Francis Vincent, editor of the "Blue Hen's Chicken." The editor was getting the best of the bargain, when Mac drew a pistol and fired, missed his mark, and both were bound over to behave themselves like true gentlemen.

☞Said a lady from the West, "What an uncommon fuss people make about Jenny Lind, the *sweetish knittin gal;* what's a knittin' gal? My Betsy kin nit a pair of socks a day 'an' more."

☞Prentice of the Louisville Journal says that the legislature of South Carolina has issued instructions to mariners sailing from Charleston, not to consult the North Star.

☞"Marriage is a Lottery."—At an evening party in Providence, R. I., a few evenings since, it was proposed to dispose of the belle of the room by lottery.—Twenty tickets were immediately sold at a fixed price.—The holder of No. 20 drew the prize. The joke ended not here. The fortunate adventurer has since married the lady whose name was drawn against his number.—Thus has the season of "art unions" commenced in Providence.

☞The following is a "colored gemman's" version of one of Shakspeare's celebrated passages:

Breeve dere de sole so kill so dead
As nebber to himself hab said
Pis is my own nay native land?
If such dere breeve, go!
Carry him back to ole Virginny."

☞"John Bull," says a writer, "sees with his fingers and hears with his toes. Enter a gallery of pictures, you will find all the spectators longing to become handlers.—Go to hear the opera of Mozart, your next neighbor keeps all the while kicking time, as if he could not kill it without."

☞F. W. Rice, one of the editors of the San Francisco Courier, was cowhided in that city recently by the notorious Dr. Collier. Cause—Rice blew up Collier's "Model Artists." We think the "showman" will get the worst of it, in the end.

☞Chicago is making rapid strides in the way of improvements. They contemplate building a new *jail* for the accommodation of the citizens.

☞The Governor of Virginia thinks the motto of the South should be—"Union if we can—independence if we must." One of the telegraphic reports represents him as exclaiming—"Union if we can—independence if *we can't.*"

☞Who would be a Loafer, if the following is a correct description of their future state:

"I haint no home on earth,
Nor no where else I spose;
Misfortune follows me
Wherever 'bouts I goes;
I spose that when I dies,
From Satan I'll be driven,
And made to loaf about
Outside the walls of Heaven,
With none to take me in—
No friendly hand to greet me—
None to cheer me up—
And not a darn'd soul to treat me!"

☞It is announced in the English papers that Sir John Herschell, the astronomer, will succeed Mr. Richard Shiel as "Master of the Mint." It would seem a long way down—a step from the sublime to the ridiculous—to be "promoted" from the office of planet-discoverer to that of shilling-coiner; but we dare say his knighship will find it the more profitable of the two—a guinea in the earth's system being worth more than a world in the solar system. Sir John has been reputed poor hitherto, but nobody can say when he gets the new office that he isn't "gaining money."

☞Open-houses were few and far between in our city on New Year day, consequently inordinate guzzling of coffee, and pigish indulgence in cake and fruit, became an "obsolete idea." Good!

FOREIGN NEWS BY THE BALTIC.

Boston, Dec. 30—12 M.

The steamer Baltic has put into Provincetown short of coal. She brings 7 days later news from Europe.

Liverpool Market.—Cotton during the week was steady at an advance of ⅛ to ¼c on American, and other descriptions of cotton were unchanged.—Bread Stuffs—owing to increased arrivals—have a downward tendency. The political news is of little importance.

The events in Central Europe have gone on varying in aspect during the week, and whatever may be said about the conditions of peace, or rather the postponement of hostilities agreed upon at Olmutz, we see little to shake our conviction that both parties are trying to overreach each other, and the free conferences which are to be opened on the 18th inst. at Dresden, are now likely to settle permanently the relative preponderance of Austria or Prussia, and of the numerous Diets which have tried their hands at this gordian not during many years past. The contracting parties are to send two commissioners to Holstein—one from each power to summon the belligerents to lay down their arms. With regard to Hesse Cassel free conferences are to adjust that dispute. The elector in the meantime being asked to go back to Cassel protected by one Prussian and one Federal batallion. The Ettappe roads which join the Prussian eastern provinces with the Westphalia provinces are to be opened to both Prussian and Federals and the former are not to obstruct the Federal troops.

The King of Bavaria seconded by Wirtemberg has taken every step to mark his disapprobation of the Olmutz compromise, and Saxony is said to be annoyed by it. A change has taken place in the head quarters of the Dutchies. Gen. Willson has suddenly resigned command of the Holstein army, and has gone to Altona, Gen. Vanderhush has been appointed in his stead. By latest accounts the Prussians were at Hunfield and loth to depart. The absolute elector counting upon the support of the Austrians is protesting against the presence of the Prussians in his capitol, and the Austrians continue to advance.

At last accounts they occupied Marbury where they commanded the Railroad from Frankfort to Cassel and turned the Russian flank.

The Berlin Journal seems to count on peace being preserved. From Vienna the news is not quite so pacific, and whilst the Russian army is reduced by arrest the armaments at Vienna still continue.

France.—Beyond the discovery of a new socialist plot at Toulon this country remains tranquil.—The real democrats in London, in connexion with those in Switzerland are events and anticipating the moment when they may strike at the existence of kingly power in Europe, and restore the Republic one and invisible.

An authentic report has reached Paris from Marseilles that a revolution had broken out at Palermo.

It said that the retirement of the Finance Minister at Madrid was caused by a desire to make some arrangement with the English and Dutch creditors which has been overruled by Narvaez. Disturbances have occurred at Aleppo. The insurgents in spite of their recent losses have made another attack upon the city. The result was their defeat.

Highway Robbery.—It is believed that no crime of this nature has heretofore been committed since the settlement of Ashtabula County, within its limits. On Friday night last, in the Township of Trumbull accurred the first case, attended with extreme violence, and robbery from the person of the sum of three hundred dollars. The precise facts are not yet known here—the names of the parties have not yet transpired. L. S. Sherman Esq., our Prosecuting Attorney was hastily called to Trumbull on yesterday (Monday) Morning to assist in the investigation going on there.—Two men were under arrest charged with the commission of the robbery. It appears that the person robbed, was waylaid on Friday evening near Grand River, in Trumbull, knocked down and beaten till totally insensible; conveyed him under a bridge, his person rifled and left there. This high handed outrage appears to have much excited the public mind in the vicinity of the robbery, and no efforts will be wanting to bring the dastardly perpetrators to justice.—*Ashtabula Telegraph.*

In addition to the above, the last *Telegraph* gives the following later intelligence:

Augustus Thompson, of Middlefield, Trumbull county, lately went to Buffalo, where he made sale of 800 sheep pelts, for which he received $700. He returned to this County, and to the township of Morgan, on Thursday, the 19th of December, and called upon his uncle Asa Welden, residing in Morgan, and passed the night at his house. Early the next morning he went to Mr. Johnston's house, about half a mile from his uncle Welden's, and in the township of Trumbull. At Mr. Johnston's, who is a cousin of Mr. Thompson, he remained till 4 o'clock P. M. of the 20th, and then went again to Welden's, at whose house he staid till 7 o'clock in the evening. He then prepared to return to Mr. Johnston's, when his uncle's boys, Asa and William, strongly urged him to stay and sleep with them. His business was well known to uncle Welden and his boys, as also the amount of cash he had about his person. He determined to go over to Mr. Johnston's to sleep and started about 7 o'clock. He passed the bridge over Trumbull creek, about 80 rods from Welden's and when a rod or so beyond the bridge, fancied he heard a slight noise behind him. It occurred to him it might be the creaking of the bridge, or the crowding of the ice in the creek along side of him. It was a very dark night. As he mechanically turned his head in the direction of the sound, a stunning blow on the head, from behind, felled him to the ground, and deprived him of all consciousness.—When his senses returned, two hours afterwards, he found himself in the creek and under the bridge.—He got out, and reached Johnston's, he cannot remember how. He found himself, for the first time, that he had been robbed. His large pocket book, which was in the breast pocket of his coat, was gone. It contained $300. Also a small wallet with $20 in it. Search was made as soon as possible at the place where the outrage was committed, and a large pocket-book was found rifled of its contents, and the small wallet lay there—dropped in the hurry, and not to be found in the dark. The balance—$400—of Mr. Thompson's money was in a pocket inside his waistcoat, and escaped.

☞Tavern-keepers whose license expire in February will bear in mind that our paper next week will be the last chance to advertise, for that term of the Court.

PRINTER'S INK!

An invoice of Printer's Ink, (Mather's manufacture) consisting of News, Book, Job, and Colored Inks, (Red, Blue and Green,) just received and for sale at Buffalo prices, at the office of the ERIE OBSERVER.
Erie, Sept. 28, 1850.

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC WONDER!

PEPSIN, an artificial Digestive Fluid, or Gastric Juice! a great Dyspepsia curer, prepared from Rennet, or the fourth stomach of the Ox, after directions of Baron Liebig the great Physiological Chemist by J. S. Houghton, M. D., No. 11 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. This is a truly wonderful remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Constipation and Debility, curing after nature's own method, by nature's own agent the Gastric Juice. See advertisement in another column.

A SMALL CONSIGNMENT OF THE ABOVE ARTICLE JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE BY CARTER AND BROTHER, NO. 6, REED HOUSE. Also, by DR. P. HALL, No. 1, HUGHS' BLOCK.

MARRIED.

On New Year day, in this city, by Rev. H. Silliman, Mr. Henry Bennett, of Elmyra New York, and Miss Sarah Ann Bryant, of this city. (The Printers remembered.)

On the 17th ult., in Lodi, Wis., by Rev. Mr. Conrad, Mr. George Frissell, of Prairie Du Lac, and Miss Betsey Jane Partridge, of the former place.

On the 26th ult., by the Rev. J. Vance, Mr. George P. Rea, and Miss Julia Ann Anderson, both of Girard.

In North East, on the 18th ult., by Rev. James Cochran, Mr. John Gracey, and Miss Rachel Cochran, both of Westfield, N. Y.

On the 31st ult., by Rev. S. Gregg, Mr. Charles W. Nichols, and Miss Harriet Dighton, all of Erie.

DIED.

On the 16th ult., in Conneaut, Ohio, Mrs. Ann Pollock, Consort of the late David Pollock of McKean township, aged about 80 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. T. STERRETT,

Has constantly on hand a full supply of Groceries, Liquors, Ship Chandlery, Provisions, Produce, &c., &c.; and sells Wholesale or Retail as cheap as the cheapest. No. 12 Cheapside, Erie.

A FEW Barrels first rate shell bark Walnuts, for sale by
January 6, 1851. D. S. CLARK.

Erie Co. Medical Notice.

THE next meeting will be held at the office of Bowie & Sterrett, on Tuesday, January 7th, at 1 o'clock, P. M. The annual address will be delivered on the evening of the same day, in the Lecture room of the Presbyterian Church, by Dr. Wm. L. Atwell, subject, *Medical Delusions*. Ladies and gentlemen of Erie and vicinity are respectfully invited to attend.

L. STROUD, Rec. Sec.
Erie, Jan. 4, 1851. F. W. MILLER, Pres't.

FOUND.

FOUND on 6th street, some four or five weeks since a sum of money, in Bills. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this advertisement.

Erie, Jan. 4, 1851.—3t34 MRS. HOLLAND.
Corner of 6th and Peach Sts.

W. C. BRALEY

WOULD inform the public that he intends to pay particular attention to Veterenary Surgery in all its various branches. His charges will be reasonable. Please call and see. Office on the Canal Basin, near the outlet Lock of the Extension Canal.

Erie, Jan. 4, 1851. 1y

BUTTER! BUTTER!—200 lbs first rate Roll Butter for sale by the lbl. [Jan 4, 1851] WM. F. RINDERNECHT.

50 BUSHELS Chestnuts just received on consignment, and will be sold low by [1w31] WM. F. RINDERNECHT.

WANTED.—10 bbls Cucumber Pickles, at the grocery of
Jan 4, 1851. D. S. CLARK

NEW GOODS!

RECEIVED to-day another lot of those fine Ba State Sugar, also a good assortment of Tarbons and other fine Groceries. [January 4, 1851] H. CROWELL.

Take Notice.

THOSE indebted to the subscriber are notified to call and settle their respective accounts, on or before the first day of February next. I hope this notice will be strictly observed by those interested. Don't forget the time. SMITH JACKSON.
Jan. 24, 1851.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

SUPERIOR York Bay oysters, to be had at all times at Foster's saloon, No. 9 Reed House Row, Erie, Pa. Call and try them.
December 28th, 1850. 6t3

NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the corporators of "The Erie Cemetery," will be held at the Reading Rooms, in the Cheshire Buildings, on Monday the 13th day of January next, at 7 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing seven managers for the ensuing year, and the transacting of other business.

Erie, Dec. 28, 1850. WM. A. BROWN, Sec.

MUFFS.—60 Muffs received by Express, at about one half last years' prices, by J. H. FULLERTON

KID GLOVES.—30 doz. Kid Gloves, all colors, the best article imported, also, Buckskin, Woolen, Silk, Lisle Thread and cotton, at FULLERTON'S

BONNET RIBBONS.—large assortment of rich Winter Ribbons at FULLERTON'S

JENNY Lind Slips—The most beautiful Silk in the market. Dec 28, 1850. FULLERTON'S

MAKE WAY FOR THE "SMALL BOAKER"

The 6th Edition of Bay States, Revised and Improved

INVOICED BY THE STEAMER DIAMOND,

[POSITIVELY THE LAST STEAMER OF THE SEASON.]

133 BAY STATE SHAWLS

SOME styles and colors different from any I have sold this winter. As the season is far advanced, I offer them much cheaper than I have before sold which is proven. Call and see and as my stock is very large and must be sold. Now is the time to get the finest and largest Bay Stay for less than the cost to manufacture them. C. M. TIBBALS.
Erie, Dec. 28, 1850.

COACH, BODY, CARRIAGE & FURNITURE, COAL VARNISH.—Merritt & Co's. celebrated manufacture, for sale, cheap, free flowing, and quick drying. Warranted to give satisfaction to the purchaser; also Japan Varnish, for sale by
J. H. BURTON

Erie and Wattsburg Plank Road.

THE subscribers to the capital stock of this company are hereby notified that an assessment of ten per cent on their respective subscription to the same is required to be paid to the Treasurer on or before the 15th day of January next. By order of the President and Directors.

G. SANFORD,
Erie, Dec. 28, 1850. Sec'y.

CASH FOR LARD.

I WILL pay cash for any quantity of Hogs Lard, delivered at my factory, corner of State and Fourth State.
Dec. 28. 3t3 FREDERICK SCHNEIDER.

C. S. FRENCH,

NO. 9, REED HOUSE ROW, ERIE, PA.

HAS refitted and furnished the above shop for the lady Mrs. Purdy, with a fresh supply of confectionaries, &c. Refreshments, such as cakes, pies cold fowls, oysters, &c. served up in the best and most fashionable styles.

He has also fitted up the upper room for the accommodation of ladies, where they will be furnished with oysters, &c. on the most favorable terms. Gentlemen, call and bring your ladies.—Dec. 28, 1850. 6t3

EAGLE FACTORY.

PEARL CANDLES, LARD OIL, &c.

TH

REMARKS OF JUDGE THOMPSON, OF PA. ON NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

On motion by Mr. POTTER, the rules were suspended, and the House resolved itself into a committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, [Mr. Burt in the Chair,] on the special order.

The CHAIRMAN stated that the business in order was the bill to reduce and modify the rates of postage, upon which the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. THOMPSON] was entitled to the floor.

Mr. THOMPSON of Pennsylvania, said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN: When my friend, the Hon. member from Ohio, [Mr. CARTER,] moved yesterday that the committee rise, after I had obtained the floor, I had intended merely to submit a proposition for the consideration of the committee on the subject of low postage. I shall do but little more now. I propose to amend the bill of the committee, in substance as follows: That newspapers may be circulated free of postage within the counties in which they are printed; out of the county, but within the State, at one-half cent postage—equaling twenty-six cents a year for a weekly paper: when printed out of the State, one cent, and transient papers two cents each. This is in substance the proposition I shall have the honor to present for the consideration of the committee, and this amendment involves the entire question in regard to low postage.

It will be perceived, I think, that the contest here will be between letter and newspaper reduction.—On the subject of letter postage, I am in favor of a reduction to a uniform rate of five cents for all distances on single letters. At present it is five cents under three hundred miles, and ten cents for all distances beyond that, excepting when sent to Oregon and California. This is a great reduction in the present rates, but it is believed that the increased amount of matter that will be sent through the mails under this standard of rates, will very soon make good any immediate reduction of the revenue.—This has been the result of reductions heretofore made. For the present, I think this amount of reduction would be a safe experiment, and with the reduction on newspapers, as I propose, would leave the Department still able, without any injurious curtailment of its facilities, to rely on its own revenues, without calling on the general Treasury for aid to sustain it. This, I think, should be steadily kept in view. The reduction on letter postage to a uniform rate of five cents, is a great diminution in favor of that branch of matter when compared with the old saystem of from six cents to twenty-five cents, and should be for the present satisfactory, and I believe will be.

You will recollect, Mr. Chairman, in 1845—and I believe you were a member of that Congress—when the reform of five and ten cents letter postage was established, newspapers were authorized to be carried free of postage within thirty miles of the place of publication. In 1847 this provision was repealed, and the old rates on newspapers continued. The reason of this repeal, I well remember, originated more in the circumstance of the greatly-reduced compensation to postmasters than on account of revenue. General complaints were made by these officers, and when they were provided for in the law of 1847 the system of free circulation was abolished. I thought then, and I think now, that this was a great error. The result of experience has demonstrated this, in my judgment. The Postmaster General's report shows, that the surplus revenue of the Department for the year ending June 1850, the excess of revenue above expenditures, is $319,018 05. Sir, the circulation of newspapers within thirty miles of their place of publication, I am satisfied, did not make up that amount of revenue. The consequence of which is, if I am correct, that the increased compensation of postmasters might have been arranged as it was in 1847, and the newspaper postage continued as fixed by the act of 1845, to wit: free within thirty miles, and still the Department remain clear of debt. This is all that any body could desire. It will be remembered, too, that this surplus in 1850 is not consequent on the curtailment of mail facilities, for they have been greatly extended, both in the number of new offices created and routes extended.

But say if we reduce the letter postage to three cents uniform rate, one of two things will certainly follow, if not both: unproductive offices will have to be discontinued, and increased facilities denied, and the free circulation of newspapers be prevented altogether. The time will come, and very soon, I think when this reduction may take place, but I do not believe it can now, without the consequences I have adverted to. My proposition, I think, may be adopted without the production of either of these results. I see that the sum derived from newspaper and pamphlet postage is $913,185 94. From a half to two-thirds would still remain derivable from postages on newspapers still chargeable with postage, circulating through the mails, printed out of the county and State in which they are taken.—I have no means of making more than an approximate estimate of the loss of revenue that would ensue to the circulation free, in the counties where printed, but I do not think it would exceed $150,000 or $200,000 per annum. If this should be so, it will be seen that the excess of revenue for the last year, taken as a standard over expenditures, will, with this reduction, leave the Department still free of debt.

Mr. Chairman, if any specific legislation may be had on that clause of the Constitution that authorizes Congress to legislate for the "general welfare," I think this is that case. Sir, the newspapers of our country are it schoolmasters, and the printing office, the great school-houses. The transient literature of the periodical press is vastly more important than the permanent, or—if I may use the expression—established literature of the country. To encourage these is to disseminate knowledge and increase power. The only thing in the world except the dews of heaven, its light and heat, that suits the tastes of all, is the promiscuous newspaper. It is a welcome letter, bearing intelligence from every quarter—from all parts of the world—from the land of the stranger or distant location of the friend and acquaintance, to gratify and cheer the family circle of every house, cottage, or cabin in the land! Is not this worth the fostering care of Government? It is not for me to eulogize the value of the printing press; all know it and feel it. It is the great conservator of public opinion and public morals, as well as the teacher of the arts and sciences; and no one would doubt but that it would be immensely increased in usefulness if the tax on the fruits it disseminates were less burdensome than at present.—My object is to arrive at that result. It need not be disguised—indeed, cannot be—that something of the kind is necessary to protect the country press, I would not be willing, in any case, to avow myself in favor of "protection for protection" merely, but I would go pretty far in favor of the country press.

The able gentleman from North Carolina, [Mr. VENABLE] gave us yesterday his views in regard to the destructive effect that the present system would, continued, have on the country press. I did not entirely agree with him in regard to the character of the city press. Most of them are entitled to the admiration and commendation of all; but it is very certain that, if the newspaper reader must pay as much postage when his paper is sent to him but a few miles within the county in which it is printed, as when sent from any place within the whole country, he will prefer taking one larger in size, where the facilities for printing it, makes its price no greater—from some of the great commercial or metropolitan cities. Thus, in time, the tastes, ideas, and sentiments of all will be established by a press, in fact, foreign to the pursuits and occupations of the masses in the country. This ought not to be.—The wealthy, or independent, will still continue to take periodicals. The proposition I make reduces their postage one half within the State, while the country press will go into the hands of thousands who do not take a paper now. It is paid for at present, and more extensively will be in the future, by the products of the farm, if relived of the sum per year necessary to be paid in cash for postage.

But the exemption, if made, does not rest upon gratuity merely. No, far from it. The roads on which the mails are transported in such rapidity over millions of miles, are all made by the people. The Post Office Department is not charged with their construction, or with any portion of what it costs to keep them in good order. This most proper exemption would be but a slight recompense for the protection and facilities afforded to the mails.

For a quarter of a century no reform has taken place in the newspaper postage.

A VOICE. It has been raised.

Mr. T. A gentleman remarks that it has been raised. I do not know how this is: but I know it has not been reduced, and it is time something should be done. During this period, as I have shown, the tax on letters has been greatly mitigated.

It is proposed by some to extend this free circulation to the [illegible] State, and by others, throughout Congressional districts. Now let me say, by aiming at too much we may get nothing satisfactory. The argument against extending it to the counties is the burden it occasions to the mails and loss of revenue. This argument will have increased force by the increase of the privilege. I would rejoice if it would be so; but at present I think it would be impolitic to attempt too much, lest, like the experiment of 1845, it may have to be abandoned. It will be easy in the future to reduce postage rates, if practicable; and this will be much better than to be obliged to retrograde, and raise them.

The honorable member from New York [Mr. SACKETT] submitted a proposition to reduce the postage on newspapers in the county to two mills per paper. I am very free to say, that should my proposition not succeed, I will cheerfully vote to fix some annual amount to be paid by subscribers for papers, within the county, say from ten to fifteen cents per annum. But the proposition of the gentleman would amount to ten cents and four mills per year for weekly newspapers. The four mills would generally, of course, be lost, as we have no denomination of coin to pay it. But the imposition of even ten cents per annum would be of little advantage, in my judgment, as it would be consumed to a great extent, if not entirely, in the vast number of accounts to be kept in the collection of it. The friends, then, of free newspaper circulation, can, in my opinion, only accomplish their object by the reduction of the letter postage to a uniform standard of five cents. I would rejoice to see it reduced still more if it it would not have the effect to prevent newspapers from circulation.

The following is my amendment, which I will offer at the proper time:

"Strike out all after the enacting clause, to and including the word "cent" in the seventh line, and insert as follows: 'That newspapers of no greater size than nineteen hundred square inches, may be transmitted through the mails in the county where printed, free of postage. Such newspapers when sent out of the county but within the State, one half cent; and for such newspapers when transmitted out of the State, one cent; and transient newspapers, two cents each; and on such newspaper or newspapers dropped in any post office, to be delivered only there, shall be charged one cent.'"

☞ The editor of the Worcester Palladium has full faith in Paine's hydro-electric light. The machine invented by Mr. P. was taken entirely apart in his presence, and every piece in it exposed to his inspection. The editor says:

"When all the parts of the apparatus had been restored to their places, and were ready for operation, we set it in motion under circumstances that did not permit of any collusion. A strong electro-magnetic current was at once produced; and immediately the decomposition of the water commenced, and hydrogen gas was freely evolved. The gas passed into a pipe, and at the distance of about two feet, a jet was led off and lighted. It burned in an almost imperceptible flame. Shut off there, the gas passed on some two feet further, and was discharged into a jar of turpentine, in passing through it manifestly became catalized. From the jar of turpentine the gas was let into another pipe, the extremity of which was in the form of an ordinary gas burner.—We lighted it there and it burned freely and steadily in what appeared, at mid day, a strong and brilliant flame."

HORSEBACK RIDING IN MADEIRA.—The Hon. John A. Dix, in his recent work, "A Winter in Madeira," gives an amusing account of horseback riding at Funchal. For 30 cents an hour a fine horse can be hired at any livery stable, together with a man as attendant, who follows on foot; and when you desire to go fast he catches hold of your horses tail and is drawn along! In this way he prevents you from running away from him. Mr. Dix says that the horses soon become accustomed to these human appendages, and that the fellows have a way making the horse go fast or slow, as they desire, in spite of the rider. Mr. Dix says, that for ladies, this association of horse and driver, is a great convenience. They need no other attendant. He is always ready to render any assistance; if the horse loses a shoe he has a hammer and nails in his pocket to replace it. It is not easy to fancy a more ludicrous spectacle than a lady riding through the city at full gallop with a man hanging to the tail of her horses but such scenes are of hourly occurrence in Funchal, and the eye soon becomes accustomed to them.

PLANK ROAD TO ERIE.—We see by the Erie Observer, that it is now a settled thing, that a plank road from that city to Wattsburg will be completed during the coming summer and fall, and it urges upon the public, the importance of its continuance through the thriving village of Columbus to this place. We think with the Observer, that such a road is all important to the citizens of both counties, and, if completed, would be found not only a safe but profitable investment. *Upon this there can be no doubt.* It has become a "fixed fact," that plank road stocks yield larger dividends than any other investment in the country. And that such a road from this place to Erie would be a profitable one to the stock holders, it is too evident for any to doubt. It would run through a section of country well adapted in every particular to a cheap construction. The grade is uncommonly easy, with plenty of timber and numerous saw mills along the whole route.—Why will not our citizens awake then to the importance and utility of such a work? They can build it if they will, and then we would have an easy communication with the lake *in our own State.*—Then, as the Observer says, "push on the work." Will not some steps be taken towards it soon? We hope so.—*Warren Ledger.*

PENNSYLVANIA.—Her *territory* contains about 16,000 square miles.

Her *wheat crops* of 1847, reached 14,160,000 bushels.

Her *coal fields*, anthracite and bituminous, are estimated to cover 15,000 square miles.

Her *product of iron* (pig and castings) in 1846 reached 328,000 tons.

She has iron enough to supply a continent of a hundred millions of inhabitants with the endless variety of household and agricultural implements and to construct their machinery for manufacturies and transportation.

She has coal enough to warm them in winter, to cook their food at all seasons, and to generate the power which shall put the machinery in motion, to manufacture the various fabrics which the necessities or comforts of civilized life demand, or which luxury and taste desire,—and last, but not least, to send their locomotives over their railroads, and their steam-ships to any part of the world.

MICE POWER.—A gentlemen in Kirkalda, Scotland, has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery, enabling them to spin cotton yarn. The work is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to make atonement to society for past offences, by twisting twine, and reeling from 100 to 126 threads per day. To complete this, the little pedestrian has to run 10½ miles. A half-penny's worth of oatmeal, at 15d. per peck, serves one of these treadwheel culprits for a long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day. At this rate a mouse earns 7s. 6d. per annum. Take off 5d. for board and 1s. for machinery, there will arise 6s. clear for every mouse annually. The mouse employer was going to make an application for the lease of an old empty house, which will hold ten thousand mouse mills, sufficient room being left for keepers, and some hundreds of spectators. Allowing for rent, there will be a balance of £10,000 per annum.

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

CERTIFICATES and Testimonials, sufficient to fill every column of this paper, can be produced, setting forth the wonderful virtues of

Dr. Swaynes Celebrated Family Medicines.
DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP
OF WILD CHERRY.
The Original and Genuine Preparation!

CONSUMPTION, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Spitting Blood, difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the side and Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs; the most effectual and Speedy cure known for any of the above diseases is

DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY!

Another Home Certificate—Great cure of BRONCHIAL THOMAS.

Dr. H. Swayne—Dear Sir:—Being for a length of time afflicted with a very violent cough, with pain in the side and breast, soreness of lungs, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, night sweats, &c., I made trial of various remedies which were recommended highly in the papers, but gradually grew worse. The violence of my cough was such that the blood rushed profusely from my nostrils when the paroxysms came upon; indeed, my whole system seemed prostrated, and the hour of my departure seemed near at hand. At this time you recommended the use of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, which immediately began to soothe, comfort, and allay the violence of my cough, relieved the pain in my side, strengthened and healed my lungs, &c. I continued to use of it, but now, thanks to God, and to the effect of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, I am cured, and able to pursue my daily labor. I think it an invaluable medicine in coughs, colds, and diseases of the lungs, and one that should be known to all afflicted. If persons would purchase the original and genuine article, as prepared by you, and not tamper with the many spurious and worthless preparations which are attempted to be palmed off on the reputation of yours, it might be the means of saving many valuable lives. I freely offer this statement for the benefit of those who are suffering as I was

EZEKIEL THOMAS,
Cherry st. three doors west of Scuylkill Second Street, Phila.

VERY IMPORTANT CAUTION.

Be very particular to enquire for Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, as some unprincipled individuals have stolen the name of Wild Cherry, thinking to borrow a reputation from that already established. Remember the genuine is put up in square bottles, covered with a beautiful wrapper, (steel engraving,) with the portrait of Dr. Swayne thereon, also his signature; all others are positively fictitious and counterfeit.

SWAYNE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE.

A safe and effectual remedy for worms, dyspepsia, Cholera Morbus, sickly or dyspeptic children or adults, and the most useful Family Medicine ever offered to the public.

Letter to Dr. Swayne from Andersontown Ia.

Dear Sir:—A man purchased a bottle of your Vermifuge, the other day, for his child, and by its use discharged 63 of the largest worms he had ever seen. It is somewhat difficult to get the people to try it, as they have often been so gulled by nacostrums worth medicines. Yours being so very pleasant to the taste, at the same time effectual, I shall be able to dispose of a large quantity. Yours, T. T. SHARP, P. M.

☞ Beware of Mistakes! ☜ Remember Dr. Swayne's Vermifuge is now put up in square bottles.

☞ See that the name is spelt correctly—

TTSWAYNE ☜

DR. SWAYNE'S SUGAR-COATED SARSAPARILLA AND EXTRACT OF TAR PILLS.

Act as a gentle purgative, producing a healthy state of the Liver and Bowels, acting as an alternative, changing the state of costiveness, which is very common to some individuals, and for the irregularities incident to females they are very valuable.

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr. Swayne N. W. corner of eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia.

For Sale by the Following Agents.

ERIE COUNTY.

Carter & Brother,	No. 6, Reed House	Erie.
J. H. Burton,	No. 5, "	"
W. P. Judson, & Co.,		Waterford
J. A. White,		Girard.
N. J. Clark & Bros.,		Fairview.
W. & J. W. Campbell,		Edenboro,
CRAWFORD COUNTY.		
Norman Callendar,		Meadville.
C. W. Burton & Co.,		"
W. & J. W. Campbell,		Cambridge.
Perkins & Leffingwell,		Woodcock.
Cummings & Shattuck,		Evansburg.
J. L. Parks,		Adamsville.
L. H. Walkley,		Ashtabula, Ohio.

And by dealers in Medicines generally.
Dec. 2d, 1850. 1w33

To the Honorable Court of Quarter Sessions of Erie Co.

The petition of Alvin Gibbs, of the borough of Waterford, in said county, respectfully represents, that he is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travelers, at the house in which he now lives in said borough; he therefore prays the honorable court to grant him a license for keeping a public inn or tavern, and he as in duty bound will ever pray. ALVIN GIBBS.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the borough of Waterford, in which the above inn or tavern, prayed to be licensed is proposed to be kept, do certify that Alvin Gibbs, the above applicant, is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travelers, and that such an inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travelers.

Signed; A Oliver, H H Whitney, Wm Anderson, H Oliver, David Boyd, John Turbett, Chester West, Hervey Boyd, I Barton, H Hamilton, F F Farrar, John Marvin.

To the Honorable Court of Quarter Sessions of Erie Co.

The petition of Fidel Dutlinger, of the East Ward of the borough of Erie, in said county, respectfully represents that he is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travelers at the Lafayette Hotel, kept by John Cromwell, in said borough. He therefore prays the honorable court to grant him a license for keeping a public inn or tavern, and he, as in duty bound will pray, &c.

FIDEL DUTLINGER.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the east ward, in the borough of Erie, in which the above inn or tavern, prayed to be licensed is proposed to be kept, do certify that Fidel Dutlinger, the above applicant, is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travelers, and that such an inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travelers.

Signed, Joseph Kelsey, H Cadwell, C Siegel, Thos G Colt, John Knobloch, T Engleheart, Murray Whallon, C M Tibbals, J W Hunter, S R Dewey, Adam Wild, H G Sessions, Fred Schneider. 3t33

BAKERY & CANDY SHOP.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Erie, that he continues to carry on the

BAKERY & CONFECTIONARY BUSINESS,

in all its various branches, at his shop in French street, between 3d and 4th Streets. Particular attention will be paid to furnishing public or private parties with all kinds of CAKES, CANDIES, CONFECTIONARY, ICE CREAM, JELLIES, and every other delicacy in his line. From his long experience in the business, having been successively in the employ of Messrs. Crossman and Keith, and Mrs. Purdy, at the late well-known establishment between the Reed House and Brown's, he flatters himself he will be able to render entire satisfaction.

Erie, Dec. 24, 1850. n22 JACOB SCHINTHAL.

HO for Christmas!—How can a lady get a nice Christmas dinner without a "bang up Stove"? It is out of the question! A few now remaining unsold at

LESTER SENNETT & CHESTER.'S
Dec. 21, 1850. Erie Foundry or Store!

ERIE & EDINBORO PLANK ROAD.—The subscribers in the stock of the Erie and Edenboro Plank Road company are notified and required to pay the balance of their subscriptions on or before the 15th day of January next, and by a resolution of the Board, only such as have received certificates of stock as having been paid in full, will be entitled to receive any dividends until after the 1st day of April next.

Dec. 21, 1850. P. ARBUCKLE, President.

Stray Heifer.

CAME to the residence of the subscriber living in Greene township, about the 25th of November last, a small red yearling Heifer, having a notch in the lower side of the left ear.—Whoever owns said Heifer is requested to come prove property, pay charges and take her away.

Greene, Dec. 21, 1850. 3t32 J. R. HULL.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned being appointed by the Orphan's Court of Erie county an auditor, to distribute the assets in the hands of the Administrators of John Woodworth, dec'd, late of Elk Creek, would give notice to all persons having claims against the estate, that they may present them to him at the office of G. H. Cutler, Esq., in Girard, on Saturday, January 11th 1851. MORTIMER PHELPS.

Girard, Dec. 21, 1850. 3t32

OYSTERS!! OYSTERS!!!

THE Subscriber has received, and will continue to receive, Oysters direct from the bed, in small and large cans. Private families and parties supplied on the shortest notice, and on liberal terms. Orders from the country and distant towns attended to with despatch. D. S. CLARK.

Erie, Nov. 23, 1850. n25

SAWS.

CIRCULAR, Mill, Pit Cut, Tenant, Hand, Pannel, Back, Wood and Keyhole Saws, for sale by. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

FLOUR, FLOUR.—C. Zeek's best superfine Flour for sale by the subscriber at the market price, warranted the best or the money refunded. [Dec 7, 1850.] M. KOCH.

$5000 CANAL BONDS wanted; also, a few shares of Erie and North East Rail Road Stock, by
December 7, 1850. LAIRD & RUST.

MUFFS—of superior quality, for sale by
December, 7, 1850. LAIRD & RUST.

Gloves and Hosiery.

A SPLENDID stock of Gloves of the classic French Kid, of assorted colors, and white and black, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also, Mexeno, Alpacca, wool, silk and cotton Hose, very nice, just opened by LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.

"Better Late Than Never"

WE are now receiving our stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which have been selected with care, and we think the public will say with taste. The assortment is very general, and contains some styles of Dress Goods not before in this market, as they have been imported within two weeks. We invite the visits of Cash Customers, and those who have produce to exchange, and feel confident we can stand the test of comparison in style and prices with all others. No trouble to show goods.

Nov. 23. LESTER SENNETT & CHESTER.

DYESTUFFS—Madder Indigo, Logwood, Fustic, Annetto, Nicwood, &c., by JACKSON.

MRS. H. S. WARD,

WOULD say to her patrons and friends that she is now ready to wait on them with a great variety of

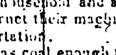
Fall and Winter Millinery,

consisting of Velvets, Satins, watered Silks, uncut Velvet, Ribbons, French Flowers in a great variety, and prices to suit customers and an fact everything in the Millinery line too numerous to mention. Bonnetts and Caps always on hand.

Country Milliners can and will be furnished with Goods and Fashions on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased in Buffalo, or any other place west of it.

Erie, Oct. 26, 1850. n24

W. D. MAGILL, DENTIST.



HAS removed his OFFICE from the Reed House to BEATTY'S BUILDING, on the Public Square near the Court House.

Erie, Nov 9, 1850. 26

JOHN H. BURTON,
DRUGGIST, NO. 5 REED HOUSE,

BEGS leave to inform the public that he is in receipt of his Fall and Winter supply of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes, Teas, &c., &c. all of which he offers for sale at prices which he is confident will suit purchasers.

It is his intention to sell medicines which are pure, fresh and genuine. The profession may depend upon each being delivered whether to themselves or to their order. All wishing articles in this line are invited to give him a call.

Erie, Nov. 9, 1850. n23

STRAY STEER.

CAME to the farm of the subscriber, in Girard Township, about the 1st of Nov., a dark brown steer, one year old last Spring. No artificial marks. The owner is requested to come prove property, pay charges, and take him away.

Girard, Dec. 17, 1850. 3t33 MARSHALL EYON.

Stray Heifer.

CAME to the farm of the subscriber, in McKean township, about the 7th of this month, a two year old red Heifer, white face, white belly, both ears either cut off or frose off. No other artificial marks. The owner is requested to come prove property, pay charges and take it away. SAMUEL TOME.

McKeane, Dec. 21, 1850. 3t33

REMOVED!

THE subscriber has removed his Fancy Dry Goods Store from No. 1 to 3, Commercial Exchange, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Clothing and Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, at lower rates than can be had elsewhere. Please call and examine for yourselves, and if not so don't buy.

Erie, Dec. 14, 1850. MOSES KOCH.

Notice.

ALL those knowing themselves indebted to the Subscriber will take notice that I am bound to have my books settled by the first of February, and those who will not come and pay me before that time *shall come*, and pay a justice with costs after that.

Erie, Dec. 14, 1850. MOSES KOCH.

ONCE MORE ON SHAWLS.
AT NO. 1, REED HOUSE.

I HAVE just received another stock of Shawls, purchased with cash down, and offer them on the following terms. I will sell as good an article at $2 as can be produced for $3—as good a one at $3 $3 as for $5, and as good a one for $5 as for $7 from any store in Erie, where the Hand Bellows, Key Bugle or Trombone are employed until the operator, in endeavoring to produce loud sounds, imagines himself Fallstaff junior.

N. B.—The above figures are not made with reference to "putting the tariff" on the balance of my stock at present or next season. I intend continuing on the cheap system throughout, and understelling as usual, any House that buys on *long credit*

Erie, Dec. 14, 1850. J. D. CLARK.

New Goods.

J. H. FULLERTON is now receiving direct from New York the largest Stock of Goods he has ever offered in Erie. Having purchased at greatly reduced prices, he is prepared to sell on terms that will prove satisfactory to purchasers at wholesale or retail.

CLOTHS—Cassimeres, Satinetts, Tweeds and Jeans, a large assortment, at low prices, by J. H. FULLERTON.

French Merinoes—Parramatta, Mohairs and Delaine cheap as the cheapest at FULLERTONS.

Carriers' Tools—A full assortment, at FULLERTON'S.
Dec. 7.

SILKS.—Black and colored Dress Silks, good stock, at
Dec. 7, 1850. FULLERTONS.

McGuffey's School Books.

RECEIVED this morning, direct from the publishers, a fresh supply of McGuffey's School Books. Schools supplied by the dozen. O. SPAFFORD.

December 7, 1850. Corner of French and 6th streets.

100 Bbls Coarse Salt,
100 do. Fine " for sale at C. M. TIBBALS.

WHITE Fish, Mackinaw Trout, Cod Fish, Lime and Plaster for sale at C. M. TIBBALS.

BOOTS & Shoes,
4 cases misses Thick Boots,
3 " Kip "
2 " Calf "
2 " Boys thick "
2 " Kip "
Childrens coarse and fine Shoes and Bootees, for cash at the very lowest figures. Work warranted first rate or no sale, by
Dec 7. C. M. TIBBALS.

CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE.

A LARGE stock of Mulberry Light Blue, Flowery Blue and common Crockery, Tea and dining Sets complete. Also a gold assortment of Glass Ware, at
C. M. TIBBALS,
Dec. 7, 1850. Cheap Side.

AXES.

39 doz. Miles White & Co's superior Cast Steel Axes for sale by the doz. or single—warranted.
GEO. SELDEN & SON.

FLOUR.—75 Bbls. just in and for sale by
Dec. 7. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

FAMILY BIBLES.—A choice lot of family bibles, the best in town, just received and for sale uncommon cheap by
Dec. 7, 1850. O. SPAFFORD.

OLD Ohio Whiskey—50 barrels just received by
LAIRD & RUST.

ERIE CITY MILLS.

HAS water for Custom Grinding and Flouring on short notice. The proprietors return thanks to the public for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, and solicit a continuance of the same. Flour constantly on hand by the barrel and retail, at the lowest rates. H. S. FAY, Agent & Miller.

Erie, Nov. 9, 1850. n25

Bran, Shorts, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Flour for sale at the lowest rates. ☞ WANTED—30,000 bush. of wheat, and 15,000 bush. of Corn.

THE DULCIMER:
Or the New Collection of Sacred Music.

CONSTITUTING a large and choice variety of new Tunes, Chants, Anthems, Motetts, etc., from the best Foreign and American composers, with all the old tunes in common use, together with a concise elementary course, simplified and adapted to the capacities of Beginners. The whole comprising the most complete collection of sacred music ever published, for sale at the Bookstore of O. SPAFFORD.

Erie, Nov. 30, 1850. n29

CASH PAID FOR CORN.—The subscriber will pay cash for 2000 bushels corn, in the ears, if delivered soon.
December 14, 1850. D. S. CLARK.

OATS WANTED.—The highest market price will be paid for 7000 bushels Oats at the store of D. S. CLARK'S.

BUFFALO ROBES.—50 Buffalo Robes for sale very cheap by
D. S. CLARK.

EARLY BARLEY for sale by
D. S. CLARK.

ERIE & NORTH EAST RAIL ROAD.

NOTICE is hereby given of an election of officers for the Erie & North East Rail Road Company, for the ensuing year, to be held at the office of the company, in Erie, on Tuesday, the 21st day of January next, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock P. M.

J. C. SPENCER, Sec'y.
Erie, Dec. 14, 1850. n21

G. LOOMIS & CO.

HAVE just returned from New York with the largest Stock of Goods in their line ever offered in Erie, and are constantly receiving additions which will enable their friends and customers to select from as rich an I desirable articles which are not generally found west of the large cities, embracing a great variety of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Ear and Finger Rings, Gold Breast Pins, Bracelets, Chains, Keys, Belt Slides and Buckles, Gold Pens and Pencils, Lockets, Thimbles, &c.

They will be enabled in a few days to furnish any who may desire, an EXTRA FINE ENGLISH LEVER MOVEMENT of their own importation. Those wishing extra heavy Hunter or other Cases, can be accommodated with any weight they choose for those movements. Now will afford a rare opportunity to select.

Erie, December 14, 1850.

FRENCH Ala'nasier and Egyptian Marble Mantle three weeks Clocks, finest manish, at G. LOOMIS & Co's.
Dec. 12, 1850.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—A lot of Toys and other fixings, suitable presents for the coming Holidays, at
December 10. G. LOOMIS Co., State st.

SOLAR Lamps, Girandoles, Cathanies, Globes, Wicks, a variety at G. LOOMIS & CO.

Still Buying.

AND paying the highest price for any quantity of Domestic Flannel, Socks, Yarns, Dried Apples and Peaches.
Erie, Dec. 14. LAIRD & RUST.

SHAWLS.—Long and square Bay State, Cashmire and other Long Shawls: prices 75 cents to thirty dollars for sale by
FULLERTON.

RUBBER SHOES.—2000 Pair Women's, Men's and Children's, of all desirable styles, at less prices than to be found in Erie.
J. H FULLERTON.

AVOID Damp Feet—go to Fullerton's and buy a pair Cork soles.

GROCERIES.—30 chests Tea, 40 Bags Coffee, 15 Hhds. Sugar, 30 Boxes Raisins, 6 Barrels Rice, for sale wholesale and retail by J. H. FULLERTON.

DOMESTICS.—20 Bales Brow Sheetings, 17 bales bank, Wick and Yarns, 15 pieces Ticks, 50 pieces striped Shirtings, 40 pieces Drills, 100 pieces bleached Muslins, as cheap as can be found in this market, for sale by
Dec. 14, 1850. J. H. FULLERTON.

1500 SIDES Sole Leather,
1200 Jersey and French CALFSKINS,
1000 Sides Upper,
500 Morocco,
1000 Linings and Findings of every article of Shoe Kit and Findings, by
Dec. 4, 1850. J. H. FULLERTON.

SMOKED SALMON.

FRESH supply just received at
MOORES GROCERY STORE.

WHITE FISH—100 bbls. and half do. Mackinaw and Detroit Saver White Fish; also, a lot of Mackerel and Shad for sale cheap at MOORE'S GROCERY STORE.

WINES & LIQUORS—A fine article of Wines and Liquors, of all kinds, can be found at MOORES GROCERY.

TEAS, TEAS!—A new arrival of those splendid, cheap Teas both Green and Black at MOORES GROCERY STORE.

SUGARS—Loaf, crushed, pulverized, Coffee crushed Porto, Rico, N. O. and Havana Sugars, together with every article usually found in a Grocery Store can be found at
T. W. MOORE'S.

Executor's Sale.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Erie county, I shall expose to sale at public vendue at the late residence of Elisha Pinney dec. at McKean Corners in McKean township, on Saturday the 25th day of January next, at one o'clock P. M. of that day, the following described property: Situate in said Township of McKean, and bounded as follows, to wit: Commencing 213 perches (from the 24th mile tree in the old State line) thence East 100 perches along the Buck road; thence North 44 perches to a post; thence East 66 perches to an Elm sapling; thence North 60 perches to a post; thence East 67 perches to a post; thence South 53 perches to a beech tree; thence West 98 perches to a post, thence South 54 perches to a post; thence West 62 perches to the West line of the Washington road; thence south along said line of road 70 8-10 perches to land sold to B. F. Morey; thence East 15 3-10ths perches to a post; thence South 19 2-10ths perches to a post; thence West, 15 3-10ths perches to the west line of Washington road; and thence south 60 perches to the place of beginning, containing 165 acres and 80 perches of land neat measure, together with a barn near said land, being the real estate of Elisha Pinney, late of McKean Township, deceased.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-fifth on confirmation of sale, balance in 4 equal annual installments, with interest payable annually with each installment, to be secured by Judgment bond and mortgage on the premises.

RACHEL PINNEY,
Executrix of last will of Elisha Pinney, deceased.
Dec. 21, 1850. 4t

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Partnership heretofore existing in the Mercantile Business under the Firm of Sanborn, Janes & Chaffee has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

WILLIAM SANBORN,
HEMAN JANES,
H. H. CHAFFEE.
Dec. 21, 1850.

MR. Janes having purchased the interest of Mr. Chaffee in the above mentioned Firm, the business will be continued under the Firm of Janes & Sanborn.

HEMAN JANES
WILLIAM SANBORN.
Dec. 21, 1850. H. H. CHAFFEE.

NEW Year's Present.—A "Bang up Stove," with a handsome set of copper ware is about the richest present for a New Year's day, that can be found in Erie. For sale by

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, ERIE, PA.
Dec. 25, 1850.

Sealed proposals will be received at this office until the 11th day of January, 1851, for the supply of rations and ship chandlery for the United States Revenue cutter Ingham for the term of one year from the first day of January next. The ration for the Cutter service is the same as that allowed in the Naval service, omitting the liquor, and consists of the articles enumerated in the following table, to wit:

Weekly quant.	Sunday, Saturday,	Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday,	Wednesday,		
4	1	1	1	Beef.	POUNDS.
6	1	1	1	Pork.	
14	1	1	1	Flour.	
4	1	1	1	Rice.	
4	1	1	1	Raisins or dried fruit.	
4	1	1	1	Pickles or Crumb'rie.	
14	14	14	14	Biscuit.	
14	10	10	10	Sugar.	
2	1	1	1	Tea.	OUNCES.
7	1	1	1	Coffee.	
4	1	1	1	Cocoa.	
4	1	1	1	Butter.	
4	1	1	1	Cheese.	
4	1	1	1	Beans.	
4	1			Molasses.	FRACTIONS OF A PINT.
4	1			Vinegar.	

The rations to be of good and wholesome quality, to be approved by the Collector; and the different articles comprising the ration to be delivered on board the cutter in good and sufficient casks and vessels, to be provided by the contractor, and the contents thereof distinctly marked on each. It is to be understood that the contractor will be bound to furnish, upon reasonable notices, as often as may be required by the captain of the cutter, with the approbation of the collector, (not exceeding upon an average, one day in each week,) such fresh meat and fresh vegetables as may be equivalent to the corresponding parts of the ration allowed in the Naval service.

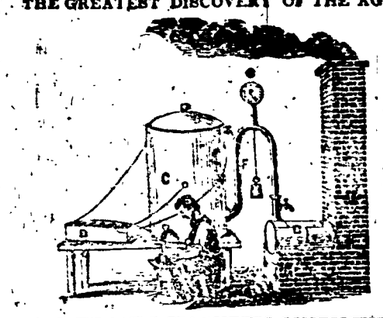
WM. M. GALLAGHER, *Col.*

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, ERIE, PA.
Dec. 25, 1850.

Proposals will be received at this office until the 11th of January, 1851, for supplying ship chandlery for the Revenue cutter on this station for one year from the 1st January next, according to the following list, viz:

Anchors and Kedges,
Brooms, Hickory,
do Birch,
do Corn,
Bunting, all colors full width,
do do half do
Blocks, friction rollers, per inch per sheave,
do iron, bushed,
Cordage tarred, hemp, patent,
do do bolt rope,
do do manilla,
do do chain,
Canvass, Holland's, a a
do American hemp,
do Cotton No. 2,
do do 3,
do do 6,
do do 10,
Hawsers, Manilla,
Hemp Hawsers,
Housline,
Hambroline,
Hooks and Thimbles,
Junk,
Leather, rigging,
Leather, pump,
Lumber,

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!



DR. TRASK'S MAGNETIC OINTMENT.

THE following is on Dr. HUNTER, a noted Physician, who has sold over 500 Bottles within the last ten months. Read him!

S. HUNTER—Sir, I write to give you some account of the astonishable effects produced by the use of Dr. Trask's Magnetic Ointment in my own practice as a physician. The following cases have all been under my own observation, and by my own prescription.

CASE 1st.—A Mrs. Moore, who was given up to die by three celebrated physicians, as being in the *last stage of Consumption*, by the use of this Ointment, is now in the full enjoyment of her health, and is now as well as ever. It has been in the house more than 18 months.

CASE 2d.—Some time in July last, I was called to see Mrs. Allen Byrd some 22 miles off. Her case had been given up by several physicians. She was first attacked by *malignant dysentery*, followed by severe inflammation of the bowels. I arrived about 6 o'clock in the evening, and found her in a very dangerous situation, apparently on the bank of the grave. I commenced applying the ointment freely to the stomach and bowels, attended with some simple remedies internally, and by morning I found her so much better that I left for home, with directions to continue the use of the Ointment. She fully recovered in a few days, and is now enjoying good health.

CASE 3d.—A Mr. Winters had lost nearly all his hair, had been *bald* for many years; by the use of *three bottles of the Magnetic Ointment, had his hair entirely restored*, and now has as beautiful a head of hair as any in a crowd can be seen. His age is about 50 years.

CASE 4th.—A son of Mr. Warren of this town, 11 years of age, had been afflicted with the ASTHMA from his cradle. He had the benefit of the best medical advice that a loving and wealthy father could procure without avail. It was one of the most agonizing cases I ever saw; he was emaciated almost to a skeleton. By the use of a few bottles of the Ointment *he was thoroughly cured*, and for 7 months past has enjoyed robust health.

CASE 5th.—This was an extreme case of *inflammation of the spine*, of long standing, and a variety of treatment from no less than *eight* different physicians, without receiving benefit—was cured by the use of only four bottles of the Magnetic Ointment. This was four months ago, and the lady is Mrs. Dunbaugh's wife. She has been in good health and able to attend to her usual household duties—I have treated two cases of *Chronic Sore Eyes* with the Ointment both of the patients *nearly blind*, as to need an attendant to lead them from place to place. One of them had been afflicted 18 years, the other about 9 years. They had tried the best physicians in the state, without benefit; and one of them had been under the treatment of the celebrated Dr. Mussey, of Cincinnati, for eighteen months, and expended hundreds of dollars in vain efforts to effect a cure. They are now, by use of the Magnetic Ointment, nearly or quite cured, and are able to read and attend to ordinary business. I have used the Ointment in a number of cases of the Piles, and *in no case has it failed to give immediate relief, and generally a permanent cure*. I have also used it beneficially in several cases of Dysentery. And last, but not least, I have used it in the last year in four cases of CANCER by the use of the *Magnetic Ointment* alone!

From a thorough trial of the Ointment in nearly every disease for which it is recommended, I can confidently recommend it to be one of the most useful remedies ever offered to the public.

Respectfully yours,
BURTON HUBBELL, M. D.

Dated Amelia, Ohio, Jan. 27, 1850.

Sold in Erie, Pa., by Carter & Brother, wholesale and retail—E. S. Jones, Girard, R. C. Town, North East, and by one agent in every town in the state.

August 17, 1850. E. K. CRANDALL, Traveling agent. 1y14

THE MERCHANTS' AND FARMERS'

STATE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., Of Harrisburg, Pa.

INVITE the attention of the public to the principles upon which the business of the Company is conducted. The main object of the Company is to afford Mechanics and Farmers an opportunity of obtaining insurance upon their property at a moderate cost, and strictly upon the Mutual principle. In order to preserve this principle, the Directors have adopted the popular, safe, and equitable plan of classifying their risks, and have divided them into two classes. The first class is exclusively a Farmers' company, in which no property in the hazardous manufacturing houses, mill houses, and personal property therein will be insured. The second class is the Merchants' Company, in which may be insured the safer kinds of property.

The Company deem it an important object to decline all risks which are considered dangerous. Extra Hazardous risks, believing that if such risks are permitted to be mingled with those of the merchant and farmer, the premiums are likely to be disproportionate to the risks,—exacting from those who are insured upon the least hazardous property, more than a just and equal contribution to the expense of insurance. The Policy of each member will designate the class of risk with which he is associated, and the Cash Premium and Deposite Note of each Class, and the assessment for which members of each Class are liable, shall be paid exclusively by those of the respective Classes, to which they belong, and no other, and the general expenses of the Company shall be apportioned to each Class according to the amount insured in each.

Insurance may be made for from one to three years, in the Merchants' class, and one to five years, in the Farmers' class.

The very extraordinary success of the Company in accumulating a large fund in each department, has placed the financial stability of the Institution beyond any probable danger. The dividends which have been paid on expiring Policies in like companies, prove that the actual expense of insurance is very trifling, in a Mutual Office which is limited to the safer classes of risks.

DIRECTORS.

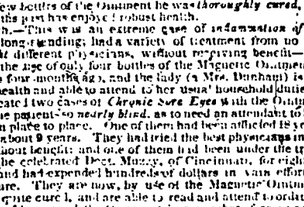
John F. Rutherford, Philip C. Sellers, Samuel T. Jones,
Alonzo A. Carter, A. J. Cook, Harrisburg,
Robert Klotz, Carson Co., John B. Packer, Northumberland,
JOHN P. RUTHERFORD, Pres't.

ALBERT J. GILBERT, Secty.

For further particulars please inquire of
WM. S. LEWIS & CO., Erie, Agents.
E. W. GERRISH, Excelsior.

August 17, 1850. 6m

Grave Stones!—Monuments!



AT 114, *FRENCH-STREET!*

MAY be found a choice assortment of Fine American Marble of various sizes, *suitable for* Head Stones, Tomb Tables, &c., at the lowest figure that cannot fail to suit purchasers. Persons intending purchasing, at a present before purchasing or travelling, by so doing you will save one-third of your money.

R. PELTON.

Erie, March 5, 1850. 1y13

D. S. CLARK,

Wholesale and Retail Grocer & Ship Chandler, and dealer in Foreign Fruits, Woolen Ware, &c., &c.

NO. 5 BONNELL BLOCK, ERIE, PA.

HAS in store and is receiving his Fall supply, consisting in part of a large assortment of the articles in general variety usually kept in his line of business. The attention of dealers is invited to an examination of his stock, as he is confident that an examination of prices will induce them to buy and sell low, and he is especially to select none but good articles. The following is a part of his stock:

Coffee—Rio, Laguira, Brazil and Java.
Sugars—Loaf, Crushed, Powdered and Brown, Clarified, Crushed, Powdered and Refining Loaf and Lump.
Teas—Old Hyson, Skin or Seal, Young Hyson, Superior and Imperial.
Black Teas, in Lead Chests or Boxes.
Fruits—Lemons, in boxes, halves and quarters, Zante Currants and Figs.
Macaroni, Vermicelli and Italian Pastes.
Spices—Ground and Whole Pepper, Cassia, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, Ginger, Allspice, Cinnamon, Saleratus, Cream Tartar, Soda, Starch, Indigo, Madder, Copperas, Alum, Blue Vitriol, Logwood, Fustic, Camwood, Redwood, Brimstone, Glue, Rosin, Shellac, Annatto, Castile Soap, Sperm, Adamantine, Tallow and Dip Candles, Mould Candles, Lamp Wicking, Matches, Lamp Oil, Linseed Oil, Sperm Oil, Whale Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Lard Oil, Tanners' Oil, Train Oil, Tar, Pitch, Rosin, Turpentine, Varnish, Glue, Shellac, Putty, Whiting, Red Lead, Litharge, Chrome Yellow, Chrome Green, Paris Green, Prussian Blue, Ultramarine, Vermilion, Lamp Black, Ivory Black, Spanish Brown, Venetian Red, Yellow Ochre, Spanish Whiting, Paris White, Gum Arabic, Gum Shellac, Gum Copal, Gum Camphor, Gum Myrrh, Gum Benzoin, Gum Assafœtida, Gum Guaiacum, Gum Tragacanth, Gum Kino, Gum Opium, Gum Ammoniac, Gum Galbanum, Gum Sandarac, Gum Elemi, Gum Olibanum, Gum Dragon